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P. M. S. BLACKETT: Britain and the H-Bomb

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This Week-end's Crisis in Goa

THE Indian Government's acceptance in principle of the Portuguese proposal to appoint impartial observers to study the situation in Goa is a sensible and generous gesture. Whether it will suffice, in the light of Dr. Salazar's obstinate attitude, to decrease the tension and permit the opening of negotiations is still, as we go to press, uncertain. Yet, with Indian Independence Day—and the demonstrations planned for it—as close as this week-end, the urgency is very great. What will puzzle thoughtful people about this strange episode is not that Portugal should be confronted with a colonial crisis, but that the Portuguese dictator has been prepared to take so high a line in defence of a *status quo* which has become both outmoded and absurd, and that the British Government, with so many London newspapers, has conspired to glamorise Dr. Salazar and to belittle and distort the Indian case.

What are the facts? Goa, a territory in all barely the size of a small English county, was occupied first in the early 16th century. Throughout the changing pattern of British rule in India it has remained an isolated and self-contained Portuguese enclave, whose principal value lay in its first-class harbour. Ever since the independence of India, nationalist Goans have been demanding, in the face of victimisation from the authorities, the unification of Goa with the rest of India. On June 18 this year, the anniversary of the inception of the freedom movement in Goa, the Indian national flag was hoisted in various parts of the settlement. Large-scale arrests followed and troop reinforcements arrived. Tension grew, not only in Goa, but among the very large Goan population in Bombay. Since no political activities are permitted in a Portuguese colony, the Working Committee of the Goa National Congress met in Bombay last month and decided to launch the final struggle for the "liberation of the Portuguese settlements." After this meeting it was announced that the first batch of volunteers, drawn from Goans residing in India, would march into Goa on Indian Independence Day, August 15.

Events, however, have not remained static during the weeks since the Bombay meeting. On July 22 a group of thirty-five unarmed volunteers, anticipating the plans for this Sunday, rallied local support for a march into the isolated Portuguese enclave of Dadra, in Daman, 300 miles from Goa, to the North of Bombay. When a policeman fired on them, the local inhabitants overpowered the police force and killed an officer. This incident has been described by the Portuguese Government as India's new threat of aggression; and Goa has been put on what is virtually a war footing to meet this Sunday's emergency.

In reply to Notes from a number of Governments, including Britain, India has made it clear in the sharpest language that the activities of demonstrators in Goa (and, presumably, of Goan demonstrators resident in Indian territory) are regarded as legitimate political action, which does not constitute aggression and which will not be suppressed by India. Indian policy is reaffirmed as the peaceful merger of the Portuguese settlements with the rest of India and the offer to negotiate, which has four times been refused by the Portuguese, is repeated. The Portuguese Government has responded to this offer by reaffirming its view that the North Atlantic Treaty can be invoked to preserve Portuguese rule in Goa. In a similar position last month after years of fruitless negotiation the French withdrew from Mahe, their settlement on the West coast of India. Now it appears that a French evacuation of Pondicherry and Karaikal is imminent. Dr. Salazar, it seems, lacks the vision of M. Mendès-France.

How does it come about that Britain, with its fine post-war record in India, now goes out of its way, with a Note which Delhi has understandably resented, to support the Portuguese in their effort to turn back the tide of history? There is nothing in the merits of the case which justifies one in describing the Portuguese attitude as anything other than antiquated colonialism.

It is absurd to pretend that in modern conditions such a tiny relic of an old empire can remain on what is geographically and economically Indian soil, once the majority of Indians and Goans take objection to it. When one adds to that the fact that India is more advanced in democracy and freedom than Portugal, such a pretence becomes totally indefensible.

Alas, the answer is that the British evacuation of India and Burma is in the past. In the last fortnight we have moved into a new period of colonial policy. Once we deny self-determination absolutely to the Cypriots, how can we stand beside other colonial people who seek their liberty? No doubt a consciousness of the weak British case in Cyprus is part of the reason for Whitehall's short-sighted support of Salazar.

But that is probably not the whole reason. A clue both to Portuguese obstinacy and British support for it may be found in Dr. Salazar's reference to Nato. In 1510, Albuquerque, in occupying Nova Goa, surveyed its magnificent harbour and remarked "If you lost the whole of India, from Goa you could reconquer it." Four and a half centuries later there is no Power on earth which can talk of "reconquering" India. But this "little Portugal in Asia" provides a strategic trouble-spot in the flank of India which could perhaps in some moment of crisis be turned into a Nato supply and trooping point —a comparable example was the French use of both Pondicherry and the Pakistan airfields for their Indo-China reinforcements—even though India herself might well be neutral on the particular issues involved. These are the cards which Dr. Salazar is playing. Whether or not he was given prior encouragement by Britain, the U.S. and other Nato countries, he clearly considers that his adventure deserves the special approval of his Atlantic partners. It is also clear that the air and naval possibilities of Goa are at least part of the reason why he has found support in countries which ought to know better.

Teheran and Baghdad

On the same day that the terms of the oil settlement with Persia were announced, Nuri es-Said formed a new Cabinet in Baghdad and called elections for September. Nuri, who has long been the "safest" friend of British interests in Iraq, and the most nimble-witted of the Iraqi ruling class, has clearly drawn quick conclusions from the decision to withdraw from Suez and to accept terms with Persia that, despite the window-dressing of the international consortium, are far less favourable than those offered by Dr. Mossadeq. No Arab ruler can afford to be left behind in the scramble to profit from the weakening of Britain's position in the Middle East, and from the conflict between British and American interests there. The most important point in Nuri's election policy, in fact, is the demand for the repeal of the Anglo-Iraq Treaty, under which R.A.F. bases have been maintained—a Treaty which has been one of the standard targets for nationalist agitation. The pashas and the military leaders, indeed, are giving Arab nationalism just as much encouragement as they must to retain control. The final settlement in Persia follows the new pattern. By refusing to deal with Dr. Mossadeq, Britain has had in effect to surrender control of Persian oil to a group in which American companies predominate, and to accept a trifling cash compensation payable over a number of years.

The West German Strikes

The strike wave in Western Germany is a first and, to most observers, unexpected sign of trade union militancy. Ever since the currency reform of May, 1948, the industrialists have been able to exploit the readiness of the German worker to accept almost any wages and conditions in order to buy a house, furnish it and eat well after the years of near-starvation. With the worker in this mood, the trade unions were unable to impose the discipline required to obtain for him his fair share in the economic recovery. Now at last the staggering profits unwisely published by a few big firms, combined with the ostentatious spending of the business community, have provoked a reaction. That these strikes are industrial in origin is shown by their incoherence and obvious spontaneity, but there is a political flavour to them as well. Although since the war the German trade unions have been non-political—in the sense that they are forbidden to affiliate to any party—they are staunchly anti-Nazi, and the rank-and-file is overwhelmingly opposed to rearmament. At last they have the chance for working-class action against employers whose political affiliations have not changed since the trade unions were disbanded in 1933.

Socialist Outlook

The National Executive has discovered a strange new test of eligibility for the Labour Party. Anyone who "associates with" or "supports" *Socialist Outlook*, a small and struggling weekly, will in future be liable to expulsion. No such interdict, it will be noticed, has yet been applied to the *Daily Worker*, *Labour Monthly*, or indeed, any other newspaper or periodical. The arguments in favour of this dangerous precedent should be understood. *Socialist Outlook* is regarded as a vehicle for Trotskyite views. A "Revolutionary Communist" has no more claim to be a member of the Labour Party than an orthodox Stalinist, and there was no protest when the Revolutionary Communist Party was proscribed by the Labour Executive. It is now suggested that this Leftist sect has reorganised itself as a kind of conspiracy within the Party, and, if the *Socialist Outlook*, which has become its rallying ground, is driven out of business we shall hear no more of the Trotskyites. What evidence is there for all this? All we know, and probably all the Executive knows, is that a handful of Trotskyites (who have recently been having sharp disagreements between themselves and some of their fellow-travellers) have penetrated a number of local Labour Parties, and made a certain amount of noise at conferences. Admittedly, these people have made themselves a nuisance by their tactics, and by the tone of their attacks on the official Labour policy. But the notion of getting rid of this nuisance, not by excluding individuals who are ineligible for membership of the Party because they oppose its policy, but by expelling them if, in some undefined way, they associate with or support a particular newspaper, is a dangerous and indefensible precedent, which closely affects the freedom of the press. The National Executive is still haunted by an illiberal instinct for banning critics who annoy it. Such a decree should be altogether beneath the dignity of a great party and the wording of its ban smacks disagreeably of guilt by association.

Political Pools ?

Many voluntary organisations, including religious and sports bodies as well as local Labour and Conservative parties, have come to depend heavily on the money they raise by various kinds of lotteries and sweepstakes. But the recent police campaign against such draws —which have been quietly tolerated in the past —has added to the difficulties that all constituency parties have in trying to make ends meet. There are, therefore, obvious attractions in the suggestion that one or more football pools should be promoted, with semi-official approval from the Labour Party, as a means of raising money. For parties which have already been running draws and football competitions, there would be no new principle involved, and even Socialists who dislike football pools might prefer to see the profits going to a good cause rather than to private promoters. There are, however, very real dangers in this idea. First, to establish a new pool in the face of fierce competition and opposition from existing promoters, local enthusiasts would have to put in a great deal of politically useless effort. Secondly, such a way of solving the financial crisis which is affecting Transport House as well as constituency parties would, at best, be only a stop-gap. The Labour Party needs money badly, not least to finance a thorough reorganisation of the party machine, and to set up a properly paid system of Agents. The money is there in the trade unions, the co-operatives and even among the individual members. The problem is to find the best political means of tapping these reservoirs, while redressing the present uneven balance of power.

ROME

The End in Sight

Our Italian Correspondent writes: At long last, negotiations over Trieste are coming to an end. Originally it had been hoped here that an agreement might precede or coincide with the conclusion of the Balkan Alliance. All parties insist that the two are entirely separate: but while Belgrade has clearly been eager to press the Alliance, the Italian Government has been anxious to settle Trieste beforehand, for fear of Opposition charges that Marshal Tito's Balkan diplomacy has outwitted Palazzo Chigi. One factor, indeed, in converting Italian feeling from the d'Annunzian heroics of last November has been the fear of Italy's isolation in the altered strategical pattern of the Eastern Mediterranean. The conjunction of the Suez agreement with the Bled meeting and the imminent decision on Trieste is far less accidental than professional patriots here would like to believe. A further factor determining the date of the settlement is the summer recess of Parliament, whose approach has lent to current political controversy an end-of-term, not to say *fin-de-siècle*, atmosphere. With most of the major political figures due for their *villeggiatura*, and the Uni-

versity population also dispersed, it is obviously easier to present the Trieste settlement to the nation in the hot empty days of summer, when rioting, flag-waving, and even speech-making are sweaty occupations.

PARIS

1788 and All That

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Those who remember M. Mendès-France's speech at last year's Radical Party Congress, in which he warned that France was "living in the year 1788 again" were somewhat surprised by the modest economic programme which was voted by the Assembly this week. Certainly when M. Edgar Faure presented the Government's proposals to a bored and somnolent House last Friday, the rumble of the tumbrels was noticeably absent. Right-wing critics, in fact, were at pains to find something meaty to get their teeth into; M. Raymond Aron contented himself by informing the readers of *Le Figaro* that Mendès-France had had his economic soap-box knocked from under him by the last Government; while M. Paul Reynaud merely gave the Premier a few gentle warnings about unsound money policies. The Left were correspondingly annoyed. Last week's *L'Observateur* denounced the plan in sound terms, arguing that its final version represented the triumph of M. Faure and the permanent officials at the Ministry of Finance over the young enthusiasts of M. Mendès-France's economic "brains trust." If the Plan was principally designed to expand production, asked *L'Observateur*, then why didn't it include a sliding-scale mechanism to link wages to the production index? Why didn't it include statutory controls on private investment? Where were the "massive increases" in capital investment that Mendès-France had repeatedly advocated?

According to Mendès-France's supporters, the answer to these questions—and others—is "wait and see." The project submitted to the Assembly, they say, is merely a general statement of principles, the effective details of which will be elaborated by the Government—without consulting Parliament—over the next six months. The actual text of the motion voted this week is of relatively little importance; otherwise, they ask, why would Mendès-France have allowed the Finance Committee to re-write it, when he could have forced his own text through? There is some truth in this. The powers to rule by decree voted this week cover a wider area of the economy and operate for a longer period than those granted to any other Government during the 4th Republic. With certain exceptions they give the Government complete control over the internal structure of the budget and, in particular, power to effect "the gradual extinction of all privileges and subsidies of an economic character. . . ." Government expenses under this heading reach an annual £500 million and are one of the principal keys to economic and political power in France.

The proposals, however, can be fully understood only if they are directly related to current French economic conditions. The economy is now in the second half of what will be its best year since the war. Between January and June production rose 12 points, representing an average increase of 6 per cent. over 1953 (the corresponding figure for Britain was 6.4 per cent.). Unemployment has dropped steadily from its high figure (around 250,000) at the end of 1953, while the retail price index has shown a tendency to level off (it is now 141.9, compared with 143 in July, 1953). A report by Government regional economic inspectors, published last week, shows record production levels in wide sectors of the constructional chemical and manufacturing industries and signs of widespread recovery in the steel industry. To this generally favourable picture must also be added increasing evidence of important structural changes taking place in industry. A study group set up by one of France's largest industrial efficiency firms recently reported that considerable regroupment and concentration was taking place in French industry, particularly in the vulnerable steel and cotton industries and in the highly inefficient distribution trades.

The principal object of the Government's proposals is to take advantage of these favourable signs and effect a major structural reorganisation of French industry. French industry is to undertake, in the first instance, a "voluntary cure," but the Government has a variety of weapons to enforce changes if necessary. The widely varying conditions in different industries meant that only the broadest possible principles could be laid down: hence the "vagueness" of the Government proposals. Their efficacy, however, will depend mainly on the energy and ruthlessness with which they are put into action. So far, M. Mendès-France has not shown himself lacking in either of these qualities.

Much will also depend, however, on the sums the Government will be able to devote to reconversion. The budgetary deficit, currently running at £700 million, is likely to rise to £1,000 million next year. The annual report of M. Baumgartner, Governor of the Banque de France, which was published last week, indicates that the Bank is unlikely to be willing to finance a further deficit, even if the Government's intentions are honourable. In the last resort, therefore, much will depend on the level of Defence spending. Hence the central importance of E.D.C., which, after a two-year political marathon, is now staggering into the final stretch.

ATHENS

Home Thoughts on Enosis

A Correspondent in Greece writes: The long tradition of Anglo-Hellenic friendship has not entirely disappeared under the impact of recent events. The residue of Greek goodwill, however, should not mislead anyone about the strength and unanimity of pro-*Enosis* feeling here. The Churchill Government, in its best flat-footed style on colonial questions, seems to have assumed an inexhaustible fund of Greek tolerance which simply does not exist. Nor is this surprising—for, to the great discredit of British Governments and British "enterprise," Greece and Britain have long been drifting apart in all political and economic matters, to the point where there is now little more than sentiment which binds them together. The glue is not strong enough to stick when a fundamental difference of interest arises, as in the case of Cyprus. In all important material relations Greece, through no fault of her own, is now about as close to Britain as Timbuctu. This desertion has had its most unfortunate results in the economic sector. Following the turbulent period of the civil war, British industry, with its usual exaggerated caution, abandoned Greece at a critical time in her struggle for recovery, and drove her to cultivate the willing attentions of Germany. Today, even the neighbouring Communist countries are more important to Greek commerce than Britain. Pressure by Greece on the Cyprus issue at this time is symptomatic of the fact that she is now sufficiently independent of British aid to face squarely the truth that she has nothing to gain by meekness towards the United Kingdom, and to make her first post-war intervention in a major international question with dignity and confidence. In these circumstances, Viscount Lyttelton's gaffe about the unwisdom of handing over Cyprus to an "unstable" country could not have been more inept: it missed the whole point of the recent economic and political history of Greece All the evidence suggests that the Greeks are in dead earnest on the Cyprus issue and will press it with increasing vigour no matter what happens at the U.N. It is regrettably certain that there will be a concurrent increase in tension and overt acts of unfriendliness here. Already mass *Enosis* demonstrations are being organised in all the big towns of Greece for next Sunday.

The recent decision to enforce illiberal anti-sedition laws in Cyprus has sharpened the conflict. But, paradoxically, it may yet prove to be the most useful instrument for the reconciliation of Britain and Greece. For the widespread condemnation which it evoked from Socialist M.P.s and a wide section of the British press (quoted at length here) has brought home to the Greek public for the first time that all Britain does not speak with the voice of the Churchill Government. It is hard for us to understand their incredulity and delight to find that, on an issue which involves the future of a British territory, there can be in Britain not only disapproval, but violent condemnation of Government policy.

BERLIN

Cold War Profiteer

A Correspondent in Germany writes: If you except the Adenauer Government, there are two other significant groups of profiteers in the Cold War: the enormous number of only semi-secret services and those journalists who have made the East-West conflict their excuse to continue to write in the Nazi tradition. As far as the press is concerned, the most interesting example is provided by the once British-controlled newspaper *Die Welt*. This newspaper specialises in bitter hostility against the trade unions and their demands for social change. The virulence of the attack and the means employed are in the direct tradition of Dr. Goebbels and vividly recall the style of *Der Angriff* and of *Das Reich*. It was only this week that the cartoonist of *Die Welt* produced an indecent attack upon the trade unions engaged in wage conflicts; it turned out that he was Mirco Szewzuk, once the cartoonist of *Das Reich*. Immediately after the disaffection of Dr. John, *Die Welt* opened its columns to a spate of letters attacking "the men of 20th of July" and other opponents of the Third Reich. *Die Welt* is edited by Hans Zehrer, who used to be one of the editors of *Die Tat* in the later years of the Weimar Republic. *Die Tat*, with similar publications, actively prepared the way for Hitler in its systematic campaign against the Republic and all it stood for. The contributors became known as the "Tat Circle" and were in close contact with General von Schleicher, who was one of the most efficient grave diggers of the Weimar Republic. Zehrer has now re-assembled many members of the old "Tat Circle" on the staff of *Die Welt*.

This newspaper was built up under direct British control and is still regarded by many Germans as a British newspaper. The paper has, of course, been sold some time ago to Axel Springer, one of the Hamburg publishers. At the time of the sale there were offers from other sources, including the German trade unions. However, Herr Springer was successful in his bid for the paper. Many warning voices were raised against the sale at the time, and the role now being played by *Die Welt* is doing serious damage to the tender plant of German democracy and, by inference, to the prestige of Britain.

British Policy and the H-Bomb

I. Defence Planning and Technical Superiority

At 4.30 p.m. on May 31, 1916, on the bridge of H.M.S. *Lion*, Vice-Admiral Beatty turned to his Flag Captain and said: "Chatfield! There seems to be something wrong with our damned ships today." He was commenting on the fact that two of his six battle cruisers had blown up during the first forty minutes of the battle with five German battle cruisers off Jutland. Half an hour later, the Fifth Battle Squadron passed the spot where the *Queen Mary* had disappeared. That patch of oily water, where a dozen survivors of the crew of 1,200 were clinging to pieces of wreckage, as I saw it through the periscope of the front turret of the *Barham*, gave me a strong awareness of the danger of assuming superiority over the enemy in military technique; and this youthful memory came vividly into my mind when I found that the Defence planning of this country, as set out in the recent White Paper, explicitly assumes an important degree of technical superiority over the U.S.S.R.

In the first decade of this century, belief in the technical superiority of the British Navy was almost an article of national faith. This faith was shaken at Jutland, with the loss of three British battle cruisers by explosions caused by enemy gun-fire. No major German ship blew up—in fact, none was sunk during the action, though one was so badly damaged that it was later sunk by the crew. What was wrong with the British battle cruisers? The answer is simple. They had not been designed structurally to survive hits by enemy projectiles of the same type as they themselves were designed to fire. Their defensive strength had been unduly sacrificed to offensive power. Luckily, this defect was confined to the battle cruisers: the battleships did not suffer from it to the same extent. The Battle of Jutland was won strategically by the weight of numbers. Ship for ship, the Germans were at least equally good at gunnery and markedly better in the amount of punishment they could take.

Looking back over the history of military weapons and techniques during the first two world wars, one can watch the prize of technical military superiority going at one time in one field to the Allies, and at another time in another field to Germany. In the 1914-18 War, Britain invented the tank and made decisive use of it in the field. But in the general technique and tactics of land warfare, Germany held the decisive superiority throughout, as judged by the relative casualties, which were in the ratio of 1.6 British killed to 1.0 Germans. In the 1939-45 War, Britain led in radar from the start, and with our American allies held the lead to the end. Our fighters had just sufficient edge over their German opposite numbers to win the Battle of Britain in 1940. But there was little to spare, then or later, in quality. In armoured warfare and the associated ground attack aircraft, Germany started with a high technical superiority. In long-range bombers, Great Britain started with some inferiority but, with America, ended in the enjoyment of a big superiority. Weighing one factor against another, one can fairly say that, in both the first and second world wars, the winning side won mainly by numbers rather than by any overall technical superiority.

To be sure, conventional military planning has not normally assumed technical superiority. When military planners count up relative numbers of armoured divisions, aircraft, ships, etc., they are tacitly assuming their approximate equality in quality with those of the enemy. They plan, in the ordinary way, to win wars by making sure that they have a marked superiority in numbers. Technical superiority in this field of weapons in the past has been something to strive for and to hope for, but not often to rely on for planning purposes. Has the situation changed with the advent of atomic weapons, long-range jet aircraft and guided missiles, together with the virtual division of the industrialised world into two power blocks?

In the comprehensive survey of our Defence strategy given in *Statement on Defence 1954*, future British policy is broadly outlined in the following passages:

> The primary deterrent, however, remains the atomic bomb and the ability of the highly organised and trained United States strategic air power to use it. From our past experience and current knowledge we have a significant contribution to make, both to the technical and to the tactical development of strategic air power. We intend as soon as possible to build up in the Royal Air Force a force of modern bombers capable of using the atomic weapon to the fullest effect. . . .
>
> With all these considerations in mind, the Government have concluded that a gradual change should be brought about in the direction and balance of our defence effort. Still greater emphasis will have to be placed on the Royal Air Force because of the need to build up a strategic bomber force and because of the importance of guided missiles in air defence.

The technical assumptions behind this policy are clearly stated: "It also makes clear the need to keep the lead which we now hold in technical development, on which we must rely to offset the preponderance of the Communist States in manpower."

The arguments in the White Paper make it plain that the new trend in British Defence policy, which appears closely related to the contemporary shift in American policy, and to the policy argued very cogently in Sir John Slessor's recent book *Strategy for the West* (Cassell; 9*s.* 6*d.*), is directly based on the assumption of technical military superiority, particularly in atomic weapons and their carriers. More emphasis seems to be placed on the *prevention* of war by the possession of massive atomic offensive power than on the ability to fight a war, if one cannot be prevented. This is often called the Policy of the Great Deterrent; and, in implementing it, there are four major technical aspects:

(1) The number and power of the atomic bombs available.

(2) The method of delivering them (I shall only at present consider long-range, manned bombers), and their power to penetrate the enemy defences.

(3) Active defence against possible counter-attacks in kind. (This comprises radar, fighters and guided missiles. It is on new types of guided missiles as anti-bomber weapons that the main hope of an effective active defence is usually based.)

(4) Passive defence, both material and organisational. (The main ingredients are adequate shelters, evacuation arrangements and fire fighting, etc.)

In the field of atomic weapons America, until recently, clearly had a big lead. However, evidence from the American press makes it clear that Soviet progress in making H-Bombs has been unexpectedly rapid and that, in certain respects, Russia has outstripped America. Moreover, it now appears that an ordinary atomic bomb of Uranium 235 or plutonium can fairly easily and cheaply be up-graded into an H-Bomb with up to a thousand times or so the explosive power. Thus we may be entering a period when H-Bombs are relatively cheap and plentiful—on both sides.

This rather surprising technical development has still further increased the power of offence compared with that of defence, and consequently has made the precise relative numbers of atomic bombs available to each side for strategic bombing of less significance. For each side will soon have enough to destroy many of the cities of the other. This situation will exist unless some revolutionary advance is made in air defence methods, so as to intercept and destroy nearly 100 per cent. of the attacking bombers.

Thus we arrive at the problem of active defence. I can find no firm ground on which to assume that the British active defence system is markedly superior to that of the U.S.S.R. The evidence from Korea suggests that it would not be safe to rely on any superiority of Allied over Soviet day fighters. American military commentators seem to assess the Soviet M.I.G.15 as superior aerodynamically to the American Sabre. The fact that the American fighters claimed a 10 to 1 kill ratio in their favour is explained by Americans as due to the inferior training of the North Korean and Chinese pilots and to a superior American gyro gun-sight. There is no reason to suppose that the Soviet pilots in a future war would not be as well trained as those of the Allies, or that their fighters would not by then be fitted with an efficient gun-sight.

I know of no published evidence on which to base a comparison of the likely relative efficiency of the other two main ingredients of an active defence system, guided anti-aircraft missiles and all-weather and night fighters with airborne radar. The West certainly had a big lead in night fighters at the end of the war, but that was nine years ago. The art of guided missiles is a new and experimental one, and I doubt if one can safely assume that the West will always keep well ahead in this field. In the case of long-range ground radar it is almost certainly wise to assume technical equality. For this is a matter nowadays of fairly straightforward electrical engineering. In some apparently very well informed articles in *Fortune* magazine last year, it was suggested that the actual state a year ago of the American long-range warning system may have been inferior to that of the Soviets. This view is based on the report that American planes flying near the Siberian coast seem to be more quickly picked up and intercepted by Soviet fighters than are Soviet planes flying near Alaska by the American defence system.

As for long-range manned bombers, many assertions of decisive Western superiority have been made. General Gruenther has recently claimed that the new B.47 can easily penetrate the Soviet defences; he adds that in some years' time this superiority may vanish. It seems to me, however, that the evidence provided by the M.I.G.15 of Soviet competence in aerodynamic and engine design is strong enough to make it dangerous to assume the U.S.S.R. will not soon produce numbers of atomic bombers of long-range and high performance. I conclude, therefore, that in numbers of hydrogen bombs, in long-range bombers, in fighters, guided missiles and radar, realistic military planning should not assume any marked superiority over the U.S.S.R. Any superiority that may now exist cannot be assumed to last. Thus, unless preventive war is envisaged

soon, long-range planning should be on the basis of an assumed technical equality.

We now have to deal with the problem of Civil Defence. I consider that its importance is grossly under-estimated, both in the White Paper and in Sir John Slessor's recent book. In the former we read:—

> In the development of a policy which gives first priority to preparations designed to deter a would-be aggressor, the role of Civil Defence is necessarily a secondary one, and its contribution to that policy must inevitably be through the indirect support which it can give to increasing the efficiency of the armed forces.

This seems to me just false. For if it came to a point at which the U.S.S.R. had to be deterred from some hostile action by threat of atomic bombardment of her cities—this, after all, is the very essence of what Sir John Slessor has called "the wielding of true air power"—the Government of the day would find the weak state of the active and passive defence system of our cities a major factor in inhibiting the use of atomic air power as a deterrent. Neither the authors of the White Paper nor Sir John Slessor in his book have, in my view, fully faced the political implications of a situation where both main contestants have both A-Bombs and H-Bombs, and a greater power to deliver them on their opponents' cities than to defend their own.

Some years ago I remember asking a friend, a distinguished airman: "Suppose the U.S.S.R. invaded Yugoslavia by land and you, as A.O.C. Bomber Command, were instructed to dispatch immediately atomic bombers to Moscow. Suppose, further, that your wife and family were in London and that you expected that the U.S.S.R. would retaliate with the bombing of London. How would you feel?" "Well," he said, "I was brought up in an Armed Service and taught to believe that in certain circumstances it was my duty to die for my country. I suppose"—here a long pause ensued—"in some circumstances this holds also for my wife and children." Sir John Slessor indulges in similar heroics when he suggests that all civilians but those working in essential installations "must steel themselves to risks and take what may come to them, proving that thereby they are playing as essential a part as the pilot in the fighter or the man behind the gun."

It is my view that the efficacy of the Great Deterrent—supposed atomic superiority—as the main basis of British and American military policy became extremely doubtful as soon as the U.S.S.R. started to acquire a sizable stock pile of ordinary A-Bombs. Now that we have to assume approximate H-Bomb equality, I believe the theory and practice of the Great Deterrent is in fair way to becoming the theory and practice of the Great Bluff. Even if we had a far better active defence system than we have in sight, it would still seem to me to be exceedingly hazardous to base our policy on the assumption that we could stop the great majority of enemy bombers. A really effective defence system—even if we knew how to set about building one—would be a vast undertaking and one of enormous technical and scientific complexity. We have good electronic and aeronautical engineers and scientists, but have we enough to design, build, man and maintain a vast system of electronically-controlled fighters and guided missiles? And are we prepared to pay the huge price in money and in man-power? If we had a really effective active and passive defence system, the deterrent effect of our atomic bombers might be effective: without such a defence system, the deterrent fails, and at a critical moment will be found to be a sham. Common sense would seem to point to the wisdom of basing our foreign policies on the facts of our defensive strength rather than, as the White Paper and Sir John Slessor's book seem to suggest, on our assumed greater offensive power. The most dangerous course would be to base our Defence strategy, as we seem to be doing at present, on an exaggerated estimate of our defensive military strength. If we make this mistake, there is a chance that some future A.O.C Air Defence Command, gazing down on the smoking patch where London had been, may have to turn to his Chief of Staff and say: "There seems to be something wrong with our damned electronics today."

P. M. S. BLACKETT

Bulgarian Visa

ON one of the seven hills of Plovdiv, which commands the fertile plain of the Maritza, there is an old fortress wall. On a base of rough-hewn stone, laid by the soldiers of Philip of Macedon, the Romans placed their neater blocks; two feet of red brick and stone mark the Byzantine age; and from the battlements, the Turks for centuries looked down on the mosque at the foot of the hill. Centuries of war and occupation and squalor have stratified Bulgarian history like that wall—and now a new layer is being superimposed. Its symbols are the modern textile plant whose roof rises through the trees across the Maritza, concrete highways, the chemical plants, collieries and apartment houses in the new town of Dimitrovgrad two hours down the valley.

Ten years ago, in September, 1944, the new regime took over. No one who travels through Bulgaria today—and I went where I pleased, talked with anyone I chose—can fail to see that it has made great material progress. In the provinces, as well as Sofia, there is much new construction; so many houses, flats and schools as well as factories, farm buildings and power plants, that one wonders where a country of seven million people—the majority of them peasants—has found the labour and materials. In fact, Bulgarians now readily admit that they have tried to do too much too quickly. By slowing down and even stopping some projects, producing a wider variety of consumer goods and encouraging much more private house-building, the Government has conceded that the pace set in the first Five Year Plan created political difficulties and threw too much strain on the economy. It is also true that much of the work I saw was done by workers who were only semi-skilled or had even been trained on the job, so that quality suffered.

I could make many criticisms of this kind. Much remains to be done, for instance, to make public sanitation and the conditions under which food is prepared more hygienic, to improve factory and transport organisation, production and distribution standards, the design and planning of both public and private buildings. But, as our own history bears witness, rapid industrialisation is a hard school, in which the pupils make mistakes, and sometimes pay heavily for them. Since 1949, when the first Plan was started, Bulgaria has entirely reversed its economic pattern. Formerly two-thirds of its economy was agricultural, much of it primitive, while today industry, most of it modern, accounts for two-thirds of the country's production. To build more than seven hundred factories, to create such new industries as machine-building, chemicals and fertilisers, heavy and electrical engineering, to sink new pits and establish a nation-wide system of hydro-power—to do all this and at the same time to reduce the dependence on imported consumers goods has meant hard work and sacrifices: the achievement has been bought at a stiff price. But Western propaganda makes little impression on such Bulgarians as it reaches—and I met a surprising number of people who listen to Western radio transmissions—because it exaggerates the price and minimises the achievement.

How foolish this is. A Bulgarian worker can see—just as I saw—that there is ample unrationed food in his local shops, that new flats are going up on the old slum sites down the street, that there is a maternity home, a clinic, a nursery, or a new high school in his district. He may work in a new factory; he certainly gets at least two weeks' paid holiday, he goes to the rest home his union maintains in the mountains or at the Black Sea. The peasant sees the pylons bringing power to his village, or the irrigation canal carrying water to the parched fields, or the modern barns and farm equipment that he uses. Special cases? I have just travelled hundreds of miles in Bulgaria and seen such changes going on in one place after another.

Much remains to be done, especially in the more remote villages. Transport and ploughing depend largely on horses and bullocks; agriculture is still backward; and much of the old rural and urban housing is bad. "Why should we deny it?" is the sensible answer you get. "Can you compare a poor country on the edge of Asia with Germany or Britain?" Clothing is still expensive, and many consumer goods that we take for granted are scarce, dear or unobtainable, for foreign exchange is devoted almost entirely to machinery and capital equipment, and Bulgarian light industry has put necessities before luxuries.

One cannot compare living conditions—and one should not—with those of much more advanced and industrialised countries. But nearly all the homes that I visited were clean and comfortable, though small and rather overcrowded—two rooms, kitchen and shower is normal for a five-person family—and the families were eating well. A worker may easily earn a good deal more than a journalist or civil servant—in one large factory I visited, at least two hundred of its employees had larger incomes than the director—and he can afford to buy new furniture, a bicycle, musical instruments and other fairly expensive personal possessions. The very low rents, which range about three per cent. of income, certainly help. So do subsidised holiday centres, run by the trade unions and even by individual offices, factories and farms. A worker with two weeks' paid holiday (at official exchange rates he will have between £25 and £30 in his pocket) pays only four pounds (at the same exchange rate) per head for a fortnight's stay at a resort. Apart from his income-tax, which runs about eight per cent., he pays nothing more out of income for complete medical and dental services—virtually all children are now born in maternity homes—and if he is sick he gets his full pay. Education, up to advanced degrees, costs little or nothing. In the majority of homes, moreover, there are at least two wage-earners, for the elaborate network of nurseries and kindergartens permits women to work and thus bring up the effective family income. Considering the poverty of the past—and one can still see many of its physical legacies—and considering too the demands that industrialisation has made, life is more comfortable than one might expect.

There seemed to be general agreement, in fact, that the supplies of food, like those of other consumption goods, had improved in the last year

or so. This is due in part to the change of policy; in part to an improvement in the situation in the countryside and to the relaxation of pressure on the peasants. (I was told several times, however, that there are still "difficulties" in the villages.) The co-operative farms, which now account for sixty per cent. of the land, have begun to get over their teething troubles, even though they are still short of equipment, especially tractors and trucks, though some of them are badly organised and inefficient, and though agriculture as a whole has lagged a long way behind industry in the drive for modernisation. I must add, in fairness, that the Government is well aware of this, and if it is proud of its successes it now makes no secret of its failures or shortcomings.

This attitude, I believe, is new, and it is important. For the last year there have been reports of changing internal policies in Eastern Europe, and my experience confirms them, so far as Bulgaria is concerned. In fact, I feel much more confident about recording my impressions just because no one seemed anxious to avoid discussing matters that, even a year ago in Rumania, I found no one willing to answer, let alone talk about frankly. I do not mean simply that my criticisms were heard respectfully, and answered without apologetics. I mean that there was willingness to admit mistakes, and to argue about alternative policies, which clearly went far deeper than a mere change of tactics. Less has been said in Bulgaria than, for instance, in Hungary, about the "New Course." But, as I shall describe in a second article, it has already gone much further than is generally realised in this country. "Don't exaggerate what is happening here," a responsible Bulgarian said, "but don't underestimate it."

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

WELL, well! Nine years after the war the Assistant Judge Advocate General at the War Office has had to resign because he refused to withdraw a "History of Nazi War Crimes," which he has compiled from the official records of the war crimes trials. I have the book in front of me; I was bracing myself to the disagreeable task of telling people that they must not forget what happened at Belsen and Auschwitz. The Foreign Office apparently thought that this book would be offensive to our new Western Germany ally, that it would also annoy American politicians, and would discourage any enthusiasm in France (and Britain, too) for German rearmament. Actually the book, *The Scourge of the Swastika* (Cassell, 15*s*.), which will, in any case, be published next Wednesday, could not be more timely.

* * *

A few Englishmen, like Delmer in the *Daily Express* and Crossman in this journal, knew and worked with Dr. John during the war, and have prevented the public from being grossly deceived. Their view was at first ridiculed, but no one now denies that they were right in saying that Dr. John went over voluntarily so that he might continue to work against the Nazis. Some papers, embarrassed by Foreign Office policy here and honest correspondents abroad, have got into wonderful tangles. The most comic I have seen is the *News Chronicle*, whose correspondent, Bruce Rothwell, began, last Monday, an article discussing whether the Nazis are coming back by saying that "Chancellor Adenauer is absolutely right. There is no rebirth of National Socialism in Germany," and then went on to explain that its "ugly cousin," aggressive German Nationalism, is everywhere in evidence! He gave the names of four members of the Bonn Cabinet who are prominent ex-Nazis. One would have expected the Foreign Office to be anxious to secure wide publicity for Lord Russell's book, especially in Bonn where, I gather, it is not good form to mention Auschwitz.

* * *

Some people are determined to have it both ways. If Malenkov had refused to see Mr. Attlee, this would have been described as a deliberate slap in the face of a distinguished ex-Premier and used as evidence of Russia's implacable hostility to the West. Now that he and all his main colleagues have devoted most of two days to informal talks with the Labour Party delegation, we are warned that this is a poisonous attempt to drive a wedge between Britain and America. I do not blame a Congressional committee, which has just issued a unanimous report repudiating the doctrine of peaceful co-existence, for talking in this way. At least they advocate a consistent policy, the same aggressive policy which Syngman Rhee propounded in his address to the joint session of Congress, and which Mr. Bullitt and General Mark Clark each repeated this week. These gentlemen want to go to war, while (they believe) the U.S. still has a superiority in atomic weapons, and they naturally regard any easement of international tension, such as the Labour Party delegation may achieve, as an unmitigated disaster. But why has Hector McNeil decided to support these preventive warriors? McNeil made quite a name for himself in New York when, as Bevin's Number 2, he led the British delegation to U.N.; he must have known what the effect would be when his broadcast was relayed from coast to coast by one of the biggest American networks on the very day that Mr. Attlee arrived in Moscow. It could only create the impression that an influential section of the Labour Party disapproves of the visit. Actually, the Party is almost united on this issue. There is only a very small Right-wing group who mutter that Mr. Attlee is "appeasing the Bevanites" by leading this delegation. All the same, it is important that the impression created by McNeil's broadcast should be corrected, and Mr. Attlee has done well to denounce it as "irresponsible."

* * *

The town of Aberystwyth, to which I went to give a lecture the other day after a gap of many years, remains as drab a little watering place as ever marred a fine sea-front. This makes all the more impressive the magnificence of the National Library and the new stone University buildings which stand on a hill overlooking the town. The Library is a treasure house of the history, poetry, and art of Wales, and I was lucky enough to see, in this most appropriate setting, an exhibition of the works of the Welsh artist, David Jones. He seems to me at least as important, in his own form of expression, as Dylan Thomas was in his. David Jones was a lucky lad. His parents were "working class," but they came from craft stock, and seem early to have realised that their son was a genius. Who, indeed, could have doubted it after a look at the magnificent drawing of a performing bear, which he made at the age of seven? For years he showed extraordinary originality in the drawing of animals, before he went on to develop his own particular style of exquisite, complicated and delicate design. The exhibition, which shows the whole range of his work, is now going on to Edinburgh, Cardiff, and other centres.

* * *

From Aberystwyth we drove on to Talyllyn Lake which lies under Cader Idris. The hotel was full of the most agreeable fishing folk, who seemed pleased when they heard my explanation for their failure to catch more fish. After all, there is an angle of refraction in water which must be even more difficult to calculate if you are in a lake than in a boat. How can you expect a fish to aim accurately at the angler's fly as it lies on the top of the water? No wonder so many are called and so few are chosen. The first day, we climbed to the shoulder of Cader, and were about to start up the final rocky peak when, without a moment's warning, a cloud completely wiped it out. It would have wiped us out, too, if we had not abandoned the areas of precipice and slithered so fast down the grass and wimberry slopes that the cloud never caught us all the way down. In any case, it was probably a good thing we came down, for I read in the Penguin Guide to North Wales that people who pass the night on Cader wake up either bards or idiots. This is a risk that Welshmen can run since they are all bards already. Being merely English, we thought it wise to get home for the night.

* * *

After two days of this weather, we decided to return to England. We drove somewhat slowly round mountain roads in the mist or driving rain. Peering through the windscreen, both hay and barley could be seen standing uncut or rotting. Hungry at midday, we pulled up by the roadside in the pelting rain. The hedge by the driver's seat was thick with wild strawberries provided for our dessert. We fell down from the Radnor hills into a fitfully sunlit Hereford, and arrived in Essex in time to eat the peas which should have been ready in June, and a fine crop of raspberries, which I never before remember eating in August. An odd sideline on this year's weather was provided by a local shopkeeper, who complained bitterly that she had hoped, this year, to beat her record of eiderdown cleaning, but her customers had failed her because they hadn't been able to spare any coverings from the beds.

* * *

I was still in Wales when I read the remarkable tale of the Swindon Bench and the *Decameron*; and I recall particularly the report in the *Daily Sketch* of the statement made after the case by one of the magistrates who had tried it, Mr. David Bedwin ("a grocer . . . a local Methodist lay preacher . . . he is unmarried"). "We members of the Bench," said Mr. Bedwin, "were all aware that this book was considered to be a classic. But we have thrashed the matter out and given our verdict . . ." What, then, could have been more delightful than to find waiting for me on my return the following witty and irreverent comment from Reginald Reynolds?

At Swindon there dwells a fastidious creature,
One Bedwin (unmarried) a local lay preacher,
A Methodist Daniel—one of the Trinity
Measuring books by the law of Bedwinity.
He scorns the opinions of gaffer and gammer on
The alien bawd who contrived the Decameron,
So tremble you Wops with no dulce decorum—
The Rubicon's crossed by the Pons Asinorum.

* * *

Candour is not always the outstanding virtue of those who apply for jobs, but I have recently received a letter which is worth quoting:

> The purpose of this letter, as you will find for yourself, is nothing extraordinary or unusual, but which I think will find echo in the hearts of every man with an ambition for life. I mean to suggest that my sole intention behind these lines is to seek your help in building a career for myself. Probably it is anybody's guess now as to what I am aiming at. . . .

* * *

Mr. Sol Hurok is the impresario who showed the Sadler's Wells Ballet to America. Two years ago, at the Edinburgh Festival, the same idea came to him as he studied the massed pipers of the

Scots Guards. "America would eat those boys," he said. "There's a million dollars in those boys." Then he found that the Scots Guards also had a band that played the Introduction to Act III of Lohengrin, the Swan Lake, William Tell, Waldteufel waltzes, Tales of Hoffman and the Grand March from Tannhäuser. In the autumn of 1955 they are to go. At a recent Savoy Hotel meeting he was explaining to the Colonel of the Scots Guards that this will be the first time in history that a Guards detachment has been in the States. "The Scots Guards have fought in the United States," said the Colonel. "They surrendered to the American forces at Yorktown." Mr. Sol Hurok stared. "Yorktown?" he said. "Where's that?" He was told. "But that wasn't in this *last* war?" he pleaded.

CRITIC

THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR IT

One word has too freely been used
For Cypriots to use it;
When freedom of speech is abused
The speaker must lose it.
One word in the language of Greece
No more must be written,
It signifies danger to peace,
Defiance of Britain.

The word that sounds better in Greek
Than our Constitution,
No Cypriot may publish or speak
Without prosecution.
Colonial rulers dictate
While giving no reason—
One word that the British translate,
In English means treason.

Though Cyprus in face of a threat
Keeps silence unbroken,
Will subjects one banned word forget
Because it's not spoken?
A movement is sent underground,
Henceforth to be hidden,
Words never so potent are found
As when they're forbidden.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Cauliflowers grown by Mr. S. J. Robinson, of Tavistock Road, Sutton, were too unshapely to enter for the local horticultural show. So he joined three sections together, giving a striking replica of an atom bomb explosion, and won a prize in the novelty class.—*Star*. (S Jacobs.)

Sir—I heartily agree with Peterborough's criticism of boorish crowds outside Buckingham Palace.

Matters are even worse at the Horse Guards. Every day people can be seen feeding the horses of the mounted sentries of the Life Guards.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (J. Weiner.)

There is, I am sure, for most of us, a special pleasure in sinking your teeth into a peach produced on the estate of an earl who is related to the Royal Family.—Columnist in *Daily Express*. (W. Lavin.)

Music in the modern style can now be played at Sunday concerts in South Bucks. Previously the county council allowed only sacred or classical music.—*Star*. (P. Ody.)

Mr. Cartmel is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. He said yesterday: "If a space craft landed here I would, as Rector of Aldridge, welcome the visitors to our world. They seem friendly enough."—*Daily Mail*. (M. Foster.)

The New Despotism

WHY is Socialism losing the support of the intelligentsia? If we were merely witnessing a change of fashion from the Leftism of the 1930's this question would not worry us unduly. In that decade, a large number of intellectuals who had no serious interest in democratic Socialism, were swept into Labour politics by the emotional tide of the Spanish war. That they have drifted back into non-political indifference need disturb nobody. But what is happening today is something far more serious. Despite—or is it "because"?—of the record of the Labour Government, more and more educated and liberal-minded people are having second thoughts about what once seemed to them the obvious advantages of central planning and the extension of State ownership. Among the factors which have antagonised them, I would list (1) the experience of negative and frustrating war-time controls prolonged for years after the fighting was over; and in particular the impression that the Labour Party regarded the ration card not as a temporary expedient, but as a permanent feature of a fair-shares economy. (2) The discovery that the Labour Government's "Socialism" merely meant the establishment of a number of vast, bureaucratic public corporations, which failed to fulfil the two essential requirements of Socialism, namely, that a State-owned industry should be responsible to Parliament and give a share of management to its workers. (3) The uneasy suspicion that the social revolution of which Socialists have talked was actually leading, not to a freer, but to a managerial society dominated by technocrats, and (4) the conviction heightened by years of cold war propaganda, that complete socialisation, as practised in the Soviet Union, has degenerated into a totalitarian State, in which the loss of civil liberties is not counter-balanced by the eradication of inequalities. These seem to me to be some, at least, of the factors which are driving liberal-minded people today to adopt views which, even eight years ago, they would have dismissed as black reaction.

One example of this swing to the Right was the public reaction to the Crichel Down affair. I doubt whether working-class opinion was much stirred either way. As for the official leadership of the Labour Party, it seemed to be mainly concerned to avoid joining in an attack on a Minister and his officials which was motivated by a hatred of public ownership. But there is no doubt whatsoever that a very large number of people who used to sympathise with Socialism were appalled by the disclosure of what they could not help regarding as bureaucratic despotism. And the fact that the Civil Servants concerned were cleared during the inquiry of any taint or corruption, only made matters worse. The most despotic despots (as we should know by now) are the sea-green incorruptibles.

How far this reaction can sweep an intelligent observer was revealed the other day in a letter which Mr. Henry Fairlie contributed to the correspondence columns of the *Spectator*. Mr. Fairlie is one of the younger generation of intellectuals; he is making a name for himself as a *Times* leader writer on Labour Party affairs, and I believe that his views are an extreme, but also an extremely intelligent, example of the swing to the Right which has taken place since 1947. He argued that the property-owning democracy, which is the official goal of the Conservative Party, is no longer a sufficient safeguard of our liberties; only men who control great concentrations of wealth are now strong enough successfully to challenge the State. "The object of the friends of freedom today must be to buttress every interest and group, and strengthen every individual, who may provide some residue of power or wealth outside the State," and he concluded by reminding his readers that it was the barons who called John to heel at Runnymede.

What is interesting about Mr. Fairlie's approach is that he throws overboard the distributist philosophy which has dominated anti-Socialist theory ever since Hilaire Belloc wrote *The Servile State*, and which Mr. Butler has recently espoused. In Mr. Fairlie's view, it is no longer sufficient to combat Socialism by defending the rights of property, and seeking to spread them more equally so that everyone has a stake, however small, in the country. The inroads of the State on our liberties can only be arrested, he believes, by great accumulations of wealth and power. I must admit that on this point I find Mr. Fairlie's analysis of the problem (though not his solution) refreshingly realistic. Even forty years ago, when Belloc first preached it, distributism was a backward-looking dream, and since then it has been used by Conservatives to conceal from the small property-owner the dangers with which modern industrial organisation confronts him. In the twentieth century, it is impossible to prevent great concentrations of wealth and power, and the only issue is who shall own and control them. On this point, I agree with Mr. Fairlie against the official Tory propagandists.

I would also agree with him that the centralisation of State activity, which has made possible the enormous benefits to the working class of a full employment policy and a Welfare State, brings with it the gigantic threat to our traditional liberties. Indeed, I would go further and assert that it has rendered impossible the kind of small-scale democracy, or classless society, to which all nineteenth-century radicals, including Karl Marx, looked forward. Where I part company with Mr. Fairlie is in his single-minded concentration on State despotism as the sole danger we have to face. In sober fact, the process of centralisation which has taken place in the last hundred years, has not produced a single potential despot called the State, but a collection of public and private Corporations, of Authorities and Boards, many of which are relatively autonomous vis-a-vis the central Government. Power has not been concentrated in one centre but divided between many centres, some of them Governmental, some non-Governmental, some capitalistic, some anti-capitalistic. From this point of view, what is significant is the *resemblance* between I.C.I., the British Electricity Authority, the B.B.C., the Milk Marketing Board, the Transport and General Workers' Union and the Ministry of Agriculture—all of them examples of the oligarchic tendency for power to become concentrated in very few hands. And, so far from the State running them as a centralised empire, it is showing itself increasingly helpless to direct even the Public Corporations it created between 1945 and 1950. When Mr. Fairlie reminds us of Runnymede, he chooses an analogy which largely destroys his own case. Today the central Government is once again faced with barons, but this time they are far more powerful and just as self-seeking as the feudal lords who bullied King John into signing Magna Carta. Will our liberties be safeguarded by concentrating even more power in the hands of Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Citrine, Mr. Arthur Deakin and Mr. Isaac Wolfson? Shall we be freer men

if the central Government, already unable to impose its will upon this modern feudalism, is still further weakened?

The truth is that, in the modern managerial society, the rights of the small man, and indeed the liberties of the subject, will always be threatened by a number of potential despots—including those of Whitehall. Since we cannot prevent these accumulations of power, the only alternative is to subject them to democratic control. Unfortunately, the 1945 Labour Government completely failed to do this. Instead, it substituted irresponsible public monopolies for irresponsible free enterprise. Beguiled by the idea that the nationalised industries should be "taken out of politics" it first left the old managerial structure intact and then freed the Boards from effective public control. No wonder that both the workers in the industries and the educated public outside were disillusioned when they were told that this change, combined with a continuance of war-time controls, constituted democratic Socialism.

If Socialism is to regain its appeal, it must be clearly concerned not to create a new managerial despotism, but to make these concentrations of power responsible to the nation. To use Mr. Fairlie's historical analogy, what we need today is not a Magna Carta, extorted by the feudal barons from a weak monarchy, but a period of strong central government, in which the new feudalism can be broken as the old feudalism was broken by the Tudors. This is the only kind of government which I would call socialist. But to say this, still leaves us with the central dilemma unresolved. Granted that the irresponsible power of the new barons must be broken, how can we trust the State to do this? After the experience of Crichel Down, to call in aid a strong central government looks very like inviting the mighty Beelzebub to cast out a host of lesser devils. This seems to me the central problem of Socialism. I will tackle it next week.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Dover Road

"I'M looking for a casual ward," I said to the Y.M.C.A. manager. I was in Chatham, and it was about 11 p.m. "I don't know about casual wards," he said. He was a plump man, fussing about with a tea-pot. "There's the Salvation Army." "I'm flat broke," I said, "I'm on my way to Dover." He looked at me. "Now that's queer," he said. "You're the spitting image of a fellow I know in Dover. Same sort of ears. He's a magistrate. Have some more tea. I'm closing up, so finish off the can." Over his head a notice said "Come on, chaps. Muck in and finish the games-room. All volunteers welcome." I drank the tea and went into the street.

Sailors hurried by, covered with kit. It was cold for August. I got directions to the police station and walked in through a door marked "Inquiries." A policeman faced me, wearing the expression of someone expecting a routine question about a car, a dog, the loss of a signet ring. "I want a casual ward," I said, as casually as possible. But the statement was full of drama. "I see," said the policeman, looking at me and clearing his throat. "Just a moment." He left the room. Some other policemen came and looked at me. "There's no casual ward in Chatham. There's the Salvation Army," said one of them. "I'm flat broke," I said.

At that moment, a sergeant took on the situation. He eyed me with sympathy, sternness and a tactfully disguised curiosity. "The nearest casual is in Canterbury," he said. "The Salvation Army's two bob." "I could just about manage two bob," I said. "I'll ring them up," said the sergeant. He rang up, but all the rooms were occupied. "Your only chance is Canterbury," he said. "It's a bit late. You might get a lift on a fruit lorry. That's if they stop. I'll ring up the ward for you." He rang up the Canterbury ward. "That's O.K.," he said. "They'll give you a bed." "If I don't get a lift?" I asked, "I'll have to sleep in the open. That makes me liable for arrest, doesn't it?" The sergeant considered this. "Not tonight," he said.

We were both silent. The sergeant hesitated for a moment. "What's happened?" he asked. "I mean what's the story? You don't look the sort for the road." "Bad luck," I said; "I'm a schoolmaster. Out of a job. I've got friends in Dover." "What's your name?" "Carson," I said. I tried to look him in the eye, but couldn't. "I'm sorry about that," he said; "I hope it turns out all right." He still looked puzzled in a friendly sort of way. "Look here," I said, "I'll tell you the truth. In confidence." "Certainly in confidence," he said eagerly. He was ready for anything—wife shot, house on fire, embezzlement, jail-break. "I'm a writer. I'm doing this for a story." "Oh," said the sergeant; "then you're not a schoolmaster?" "No. You won't tell the casual ward?" "I won't inform them," he said. I hitch-hiked to Canterbury.

The next evening I duly presented myself at the casual ward which is attached to the Nunnery Fields Hospital, in an opulent, flowery sort of suburb of Canterbury. The official in charge, actually the second in command, was waiting outside the building, "Mr. Carson?" "Yes," I said. I followed him inside. He was wearing a white coat and was jangling keys. "Now then," he said, taking me into a little office, "a few particulars please." I gave him the story about the afflicted schoolmaster, and while I was talking to him, I suddenly felt a wave of despair. The story trapped me, and the walls of the institution closed in. Life, love and struggle in the cities were as far away as the moon. "First you must take a bath," said the official. "Place your clothes on the bench for disinfecting purposes. Then put on that smock. You have supper in the room past the corridor. Next to it is the dormitory, where you can choose your bed. Two blankets, a sheet, a pillow and a felt mattress."

I took my bath, and climbed into the smock. It was the smock that did it. All links with civilisation snapped: I felt like an early-Victorian sheep-stealer. I padded along the corridor to the eating-room, and joined a bunch of other sheep-stealers tucking into bread and margarine, and drinking mugs of cocoa. "Nice evening," I said to one of them. "Have you come far?" He looked at me for some time. "Very," he said, and went on talking to his mate in one of those Northern accents which might as well be Chinese. I didn't belong to the confraternity.

After they had gone to the dormitory, the official came in. "Lights out at ten," he said; "That's to say, all but one. We keep that going in case someone tries to pinch somebody else's stuff." He sat down. "As a schoolmaster, this must seem a bit strange to you. It did to me, when I started this job. I've had teeth knocked out, my nose broken, and my eye-socket smashed. It's mostly the methylated, you know. They drink a terrible lot of methylated."

I asked him about other wards, saying that I might go to one at Dover. "They're cutting them down to one a county, instead of one a borough. On the face of it, they should have more of them in the rural areas, because that's where there's most unemployment. But the idea is to try to divert these fellows to the industrial parts." "How long could I stay here?" "Only one night," he said—"unless your feet are bad, or something like that, and you get treatment at the hospital. Or if you get a job from the Assistance, and you want to get started off. One night every twenty-eight days, that's the rule."

I went into the dormitory and made my bed. As I got in, I caught a familiar atmosphere. I was back in the army. If they offered us work in the morning we'd all go sick. I fell asleep and woke up to blue sky laughing through the hopeless windows. The official came in and shouted "All up!" We went and collected our clothes, dressed, and washed at the hand-basins. Then we went into breakfast. Bread, margarine and cocoa. The milk was sour. Someone called for the official. He tasted the cocoa, made a face. "When the chief comes round, make a complaint," he said, and went to fetch some more.

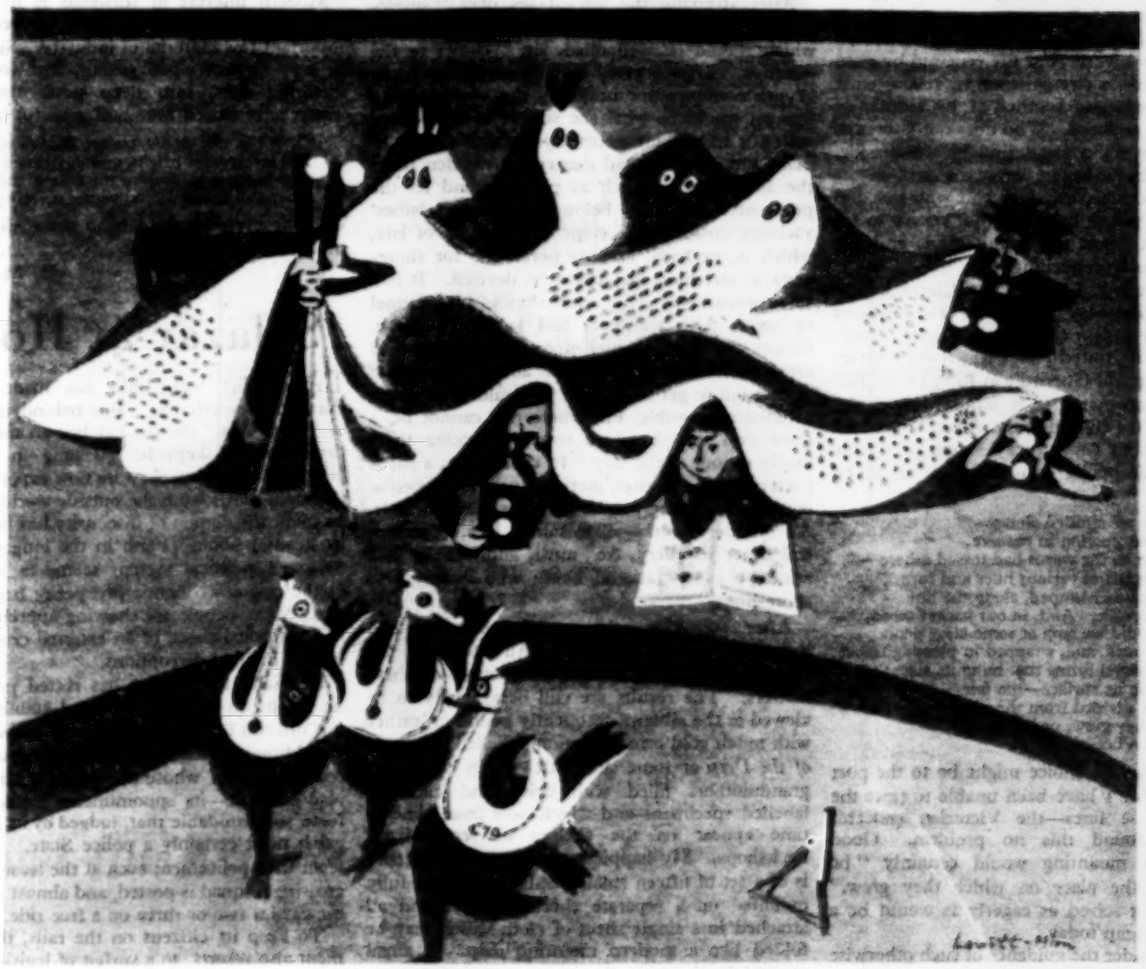
There were eight of us at the table, and only one, an elderly man, was far-gone in his appearance. He looked like a tramp in a cartoon. One very young man was smartly dressed. He had a slightly cynical expression. The man next to me looked out of the window and said "What a beautiful day" in a tone no industrial man would ever use. He meant it. The poetry and rigour of the weather was in his bones. When you talked to the real tramps, they didn't look straight in your eyes. They were almost faceless. But they talked about scenery.

"What sort of work is there?" I asked. "I'm on the road to Dover and would like to pick up some money." The old tramp looked down at his broken boots, hawked and seemed about to spit. But he didn't. "There's fruit-picking," said the man next to me after a short silence. He had a large, bland face, entirely free of obligation and effort, but anxious to please. "But you have to be careful of the job. The orchard men try to get you into trouble from the start." "The orchard men?" "Yes," he said, "the orchard men are the worst bastards of the lot. I don't say that most farmers aren't the same, but nothing would get me near an orchard. Eh, Bill?" He turned to the man with the cynical expression. Bill didn't look at him. He was manicuring his nails. "I stopped Bill from orchard work. He'd be at it now if it hadn't been for me. Right in the muck, being treated like a dog. Getting nowhere. And Bill's a smart man." "Oh, I'm smart all right," said Bill. He had a colonial accent. "Stay in the best hotels, that's me." I gave him a cigarette. "You a New Zealander?" I asked. "No. Australian. Just arrived. Jack picked me up in the docks. Showed me around." His cynicism obviously hid a wealth of indecision.

"Can't make it out," said another casual, wearing a pull-over three sizes too small for him. "They've done us proud. You've got to hand it to them. Why, Canterbury's got the worst name in the country. Was up in Sunderland and met a chap who said they were proper bastards. Threw the cocoa at you. This chap was a proper gent. . . ."

When breakfast was over, the dog-ends came out and were shared round with the cigarette papers. Then the official came in and shouted "Get ready for your interviews." Two of the men wanted to do a bolt. When it came to my turn, I stood before a Public Assistance official and a Ministry of Labour official. They offered me money. I told my story, explained that my friends in Dover would fix me up and walked out into the shining blue Canterbury day.

ANTHONY CARSON



The Schweppshire Way of Life

6. GUARANTEED BIRD-WATCHING

The naturalists of Schweppshire have long led the world in bird-watching, spider-watching, dandelion-watching and in fact watching. The time came, of course, when there were more watchers than watched, more naturalists than nature. Since what we have to do simply is really watch, Schweppshire did not allow etiquette or the old-fashioned shibboleths of the game to prevent them from providing an easy answer to this difficult question.

Because the watching of birds is, if possible, more O.K. than anything else, we provide the birds. But as live birds are usually difficult brown smudges which dart across the eyes before they can be seen, and since all look almost exactly alike anyhow, our birds are (a) dummy and (b) impossible not to tell apart. See above three decoy ducks floating alone on a Trust Pond in a Schweppshire Ornithological Union Sanctuary. Look again at the rolling sand dune which now you will see, perhaps, is a large piece of ordinary undercarpet cleverly camouflaged. Beneath it, how many watchers can you see? On the left, is Max Nicholschweppes making notes on the lack of movement observable through a periscope. Next is Eric Schwosking, capturing an unforgettable moment of unwild life. Peter Schwott, of Schwevern Wildfowl Trust fame, identifies with the help of his own identification book, the identity of the bird marked with an arrow, which is, of course, the bird marked with an arrow. Observing through binoculars are observers.

In the inset, Ludwig Henn records on the spot, after an eighteen-hour vigil, the typical squeaks of an actual weathercock.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Leavitt Hunt.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Flowers of the Sea

"HERE we are at the seaside for the summer holiday—the hot and dirty city a past thing like a weary dream of the night. Our faces are cooled by the delicious breezes, our life renewed by pure fresh air; our minds strengthened by relaxation if we have worked, and soothed if by sorrow or illness we have suffered. Who does not know the strong yearning for a wandering by the seaside, the sound of the booming wave, the dash of the spray on the rock's dark side; and who that has a home full of young lives does not rejoice to see them rush out upon the sunny sands and the preparations for a seaweeding?"

With these words Louisa Lane Clarke begins her "unscientific easy guide" to *The Common Seaweeds of the British Coast and Channel Islands*, a small book with tinted plates which she appears to have completed at Guernsey in July, 1865. Her book is one of many such which served the Victorian taste for collecting the green, brown and red seaweeds that cover rocky shores and grow thickly in tidal pools. No doubt it would be carried when,

> . . . . As we strolled along,
> It was our occupation to observe
> Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore—
> Tangle, or weed of various hues and forms,
> Each on the other heaped, along the line
> Of the dry wrack. And, in our vacant mood,
> Not seldom did we stop at some clear pool
> Sunk in the rock, and, wrapped in pleasing trance,
> Survey the novel forms that hung its sides
> Or floated on its surface—too fair
> Either to be divided from the place
> On which they grew, or left alone
> To their own beauty.

Difficult although choice might be to the poet—or poetess, for I have been unable to trace the author of these lines—the Victorian collector would have found this no problem. Good specimens for mounting would certainly "be divided from the place on which they grew." They would be seized as eagerly as would be a rare postage stamp today.

Although, under the guidance of such otherwise diversely interested figures as Philip Henry Gosse, Charles Kingsley and George Henry Lewes, both men and women hunted the sands and rocks for animals of every kind, from zoophytes and sea anemones to brittle stars and fishes, seaweeds were generally regarded as the particular preserve of the ladies. The popular books on the subject, such as the one already mentioned, were largely the work of feminine authors and of these none had greater influence than Mrs. Alfred Gatty.

This well-known author of Victorian times, today chiefly remembered as the authoress of *Parables from Nature*, possibly also to a few for her *Book of Sundials*, was almost forty when she first found interest in seaweeds. Illness following the birth of her seventh child sent her to Hastings and to the care of a doctor who introduced her to the study of these shore plants and also to the books of W. H. Harvey, then Professor of Botany at Trinity College, Dublin, and the leading authority on the scientific study of seaweeds. She took eagerly to the collection, identification and mounting of specimens and began a brisk correspondence with Harvey and with George Johnston, physician and naturalist of Berwick-on-Tweed. Both named species after her, the one an Australian seaweed, the other a British marine worm!

Mrs. Gatty felt the need for a book on seaweeds more scientific than those of the type produced by Louisa Clarke and yet less formidable to the beginner than Harvey's massive four-volume *Phycologia Britannica*. So she produced a popular and well-illustrated edition of this larger work. She prefaced her book with much sound practical advice to the many of her sex who were interested in shore-hunting, there to encounter "risk of cold and destruction of clothes."

After stressing the advantages over "single-soled kid Balmoral boots" of boy's shooting boots which should be well oiled, she "comes to the question of petticoats; and if anything could excuse a woman for imitating the costume of a man, it would be what she suffers as a sea-weed collector from these necessary draperies! But to make the best of a bad matter, let woollen be in the ascendant as much as possible; and let the petticoats never come below the ankle. A ladies' yachting costume has come into fashion of late, which is, perhaps, as near perfection for shore-work as anything that could be devised. It is a suit consisting of a full short skirt of blue flannel or serge, with waistcoat and jacket to match. Cloaks and shawls which necessarily hamper the arms, besides having long ends and corners which cannot fail to get soaked . . . should be as much avoided as possible; but where this cannot be, a good deal may be done towards tucking them neatly up out of the way. In conclusion, a hat is preferable to a bonnet, merino stockings to cotton ones, and a strong pair of gloves is indispensable. All millinery work—silks, satins, lace, bracelets, and other jewellery, &c., must, and will, be laid aside by every rational being who attempts to shore-hunt."

After collection, there was preserving and laying-out of the seaweeds. All books on the subject were explicit in their instructions on these matters. The results are still occasionally to be viewed in the albums, frequently bound in leather with much gold ornamentation, labelled *Treasures of the Deep* or some such title, which our great-grandmothers filled with dried and carefully labelled specimens and which now from time to time appear on the shelves of second-hand bookshops. My happiest purchase in this genre is of a set of fifteen small weeds, each beautifully mounted on a separate sheet of paper and all attached to a single sheet of cloth which may be folded like a modern motoring map. A small printed label within the covers states that these weeds were Collected, Arranged and Mounted by Miss E. I. Dyke-Poore of Jersey. Today, suitably framed, they form a delightfully patterned decoration upon my study walls.

There was even a fashion for producing books of seaweeds illustrated by mounted specimens. These were each named and described, but the greater part of the letterpress consisted of extracts from other works on seaweeds and more especially of lengths of verse and prose dealing with the sea and its beauties and with the moral lessons there contained. *Ocean Flowers and Their Teachings*, published by Binns and Goodwin at Bath at no recorded date, is one such work, but, although frontispiece and title page are charming, it cannot compare with *Beautiful Seaweeds illustrated by Natural Specimens*, produced by J. and J. Cook of 5 Moss Street, Paisley, in 1877.

The edition consisted of only fifty copies, but these represented years of preparation because good dried specimens of thirty-five different weeds were needed for each copy, making a total of seventeen hundred and fifty specimens in all! Three years later a further edition of thirty copies was issued, this time with forty-one illustrations in each, so requiring twelve hundred and thirty dried seaweeds. "Years," it was then stated, "must elapse before a sufficient number of specimens could possibly be collected and prepared for a third issue. Perhaps, indeed, another issue will never be attempted." So far as I can discover no third issue did appear, nevertheless the mounting, in admirable condition, of almost three thousand specimens might well remain a matter of pride to J. and J. Cook of Paisley.

Modern interest in seaweeds is more strictly scientific and they are by way of becoming an important raw material of industry. Such aspects we may neglect when gazing, with momentarily Victorian eyes, into deep pools fringed with seaweeds of varied hues and graceful forms.

> O, call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea,
> For lovely, and bright, and gay-tinted are we:
> Our blush is as deep as the rose of the bowers:
> Then call us not weeds; we are ocean's gay flowers.

We may even come to echo these words of yet another untraced author.

C. M. YONGE

Salazar at Home

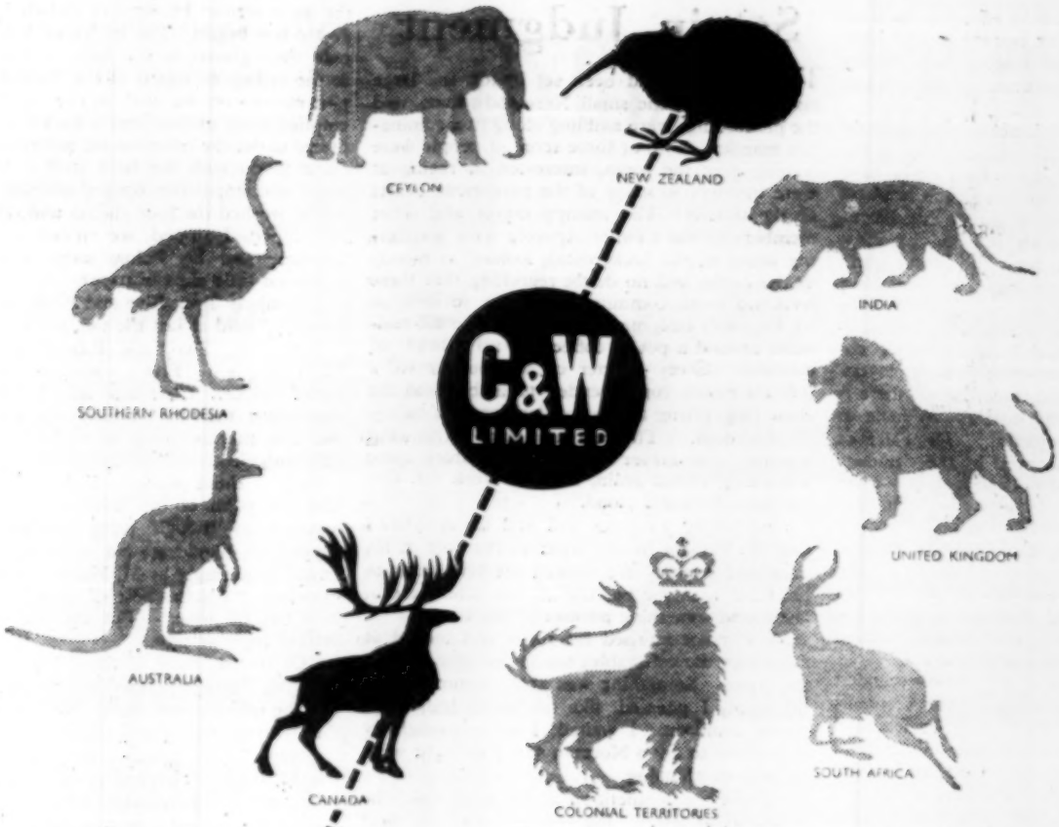
THE conflict with India has made the quiet Portuguese vociferous. But behind their shouts of "Viva Goa," the ear catches an undertone of bewilderment; kept for so long in a kind of political Iron Lung, they are now experiencing the first cold blasts from the outside world just at the moment the demon of insecurity has been raising its head at home. Faith in the longevity of Dr. Salazar's political system seems to be flagging as the tide of economic prosperity begins to run out. Many people are showing apprehension lest the additional shock of an external crisis may engender internal disruptions.

Dr. Salazar's prestige has rested primarily on his ability to ensure peace and stability, though it is difficult to define the system he has employed. In addition to censorship—less exasperating in a country half of whose adults don't know how to read or write—its appointments include a police force so formidable that, judged by its size, Portugal is most certainly a police State. The streets teem with policemen; even at the least frequented crossing a squad is posted, and almost every tram-car carries two or three on a free ride.

To keep its citizens on the rails, the Government also resorts to a surfeit of legislation. Since Dr. Salazar came to power, some 40,000 laws have been enacted, to say nothing of untold bye-laws and petty regulations, including most detailed codes of behaviour for concierges, park attendants, taxi drivers and others who are in contact with the public. Yet benevolence tempers the working of these fearful social controls: concentration camps are unknown, the death penalty was abolished as far back as 1920, and although imprisonment without formal charge is permitted under the Constitution, it seems to be practised on a relatively small scale.

No active political opponent of Dr. Salazar can hope to steer clear of prison all the time, but when inside he will enjoy amenities he would be denied in any other dictatorship. The British Council in Lisbon, for instance, has frequent applications from political prisoners for correspondence courses in the English language. According to Government officials, one person in every four is opposed to the regime. Non-officials make the probably exaggerated claim that every other Portuguese is against it. At the polls, the Opposition has been able to muster only an insignificant percentage of the electorate. But then, of a population nearing the nine million mark, only 1,161,932 have been given the right to vote.

The real power in the State lies with the Prime Minister. He does not believe in the pomp and circumstance attending dictatorship and neither makes long speeches nor wears a uniform—which indeed would sit ill on so intellectual a personality. Unlike other authoritarian States, that of Dr. Salazar manages without slogans or portraits



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extolling the regime. Just as he effaces himself, so he strives to erase all other powers around him. The loyal Opposition may make a bow during election times, only to be harassed the more in the years between.

A member of the British Embassy staff recently told me he had seen Dr. Salazar only twice in the five years he has been in Lisbon. People who have lately come face to face with the Prime Minister say he looks his age. But he insists that Portugal, ailing from the wounds inflicted by inept rulers on her body politic for a full century, still needs his single-handed nursing. His distaste for parliamentary democracy has not lessened. Nor has he ever completed the "corporative" administration he once envisaged. Instead of a co-ordinated system of State-controlled employers' guilds and State-sponsored trade unions, there is a jumble of miscellaneous institutions, none of which must grow too powerful. Dr. Salazar's power and prestige is enhanced by the virtuosity with which he, and he alone, can manipulate the intricate disarray in a half-way house. He does not encourage direct participation of the masses in the running of affairs; their political passion, first repressed, is now increasingly drawn off into the artificial channels of commercial sports. "Our three vitamins F"—the Portuguese say—"are Football, *Fados* (folksong), and Fatima," one of the great pilgrimage centres of Europe.

The stable Escudo, one of the world's soundest currencies, is a graphic token of the economic revival brought off by the former Professor of Finance. Portugal is probably the only country today where price lists printed in 1951 or 1952 are still valid. Wages are below a shilling an hour for an industrial worker, and little more than sixpence for a farm hand. With an abundance of cheap labour and a lack of effective demand, there is little incentive for industry to expand or agriculture to re-equip itself. An American economic mission, which was touring the country this summer in search of opportunities for investment, was driven away discouraged by the inertia of Lisbon. As in politics, so in the economy stability has been gained at the expense of vigour—Portugal remains an under-developed country. Its symbols are the women of burden one meets on the road, carrying on their heads most of the heavy loads of the country. For every five passenger cars there is only one commercial vehicle, and statistics, moreover, show that for the past few years ever fewer lorries have been imported annually while the imports of passenger cars have been steadily rising.

The Portuguese are not unmindful of the successes of Dr. Salazar's experiment in orthodox economy, but sceptical about its continued effectiveness. The moneyed classes are afraid of inroads he might make on their incomes. At the other end of the scale, there is discontent about the low standard of living—and to raise that an almost revolutionary new economic deal would be needed. All classes have at the back of their mind the haunting fear that while under Dr. Salazar a tolerable compromise was reached between freedom and authority, if he were to leave the stage, it might be taken by forces of anarchy or despotism.

The "delicate emergency" has offered an opportunity for fastening an insecure present to the firm moorings of the past. In his most recent speech, Dr. Salazar said "We are fighting so that, without offence to anyone, Goa may continue to be the memorial of Portuguese discoveries and a small hearth of the spirit of the West in the East." One can sense a vague realisation in Portugal that Salazar's trials would be fewer if the spirit of the West had fully permeated all the institutions he has set up at home.

J. R. Powle

Set in Judgment

The show ring had been set up on the large market place of the small Normandy town, and the proceedings were ambling along in a ruminative manner. Two or three score of people were leaning over the ropes, interested in seeing at close quarters so many of the prodigious beasts of the district. The stumpy mayor and other members of the *Comice Agricole* were wandering about in the background, looking as moody as the cattle, and no doubt regretting that there were no more committee meetings to hold in M. Paysant's café, meetings which lasted till midnight around a pot of coffee and a bottle of old calvados. Every quarter of an hour or so, a few fat beasts condescended to amble into the show ring, giving a snort of derision or a bellow of boredom. The three judges whispered together, the mayor and other notables came wandering round again, and the weak sun disappeared behind a cloud.

"Supposing we went and had an aperitif?" said M. Paysant to me, a persuasive note in his mumbled words. We walked the few yards to his hotel with the bearing of men who have at last found something positive to do.

M. Paysant finished his drink and looked at me across the café table; one of his slow, assessing stares. Something was gently simmering in his mind, I guessed, like his wife's soup in a closed cauldron. I waited; I know enough by now never to ask a Norman to say outright what he may be thinking.

"There's a competition at the town hall," he muttered at last. "*Un concours*—for the best cider and *eau-de-vie* produced in the district. Would you like to come along and see the judging?"

He filled an empty bottle with water. "For washing up," he explained. Then we walked along the main street towards the squarely built Mairie a hundred yards away. "I'm not on the jury," said M. Paysant in a burst of confidence, "but I organise the competition every year." He led the way into the room where the district law courts are held—an apt choice, I thought. But we appeared to have arrived too early. For here was a quiet, remote scene. At a round table two elderly men, each with his felt-hat on and wearing a sports jacket and polished leggings, were enjoying a meal of bread and cheese. Nearby, on the desk where the magistrate sits, were several neat rows of bottles containing an amber-coloured liquid and each plainly labelled with a number. It looked to me to have all the possibilities of a pleasant little party.

"When is everyone else going to turn up?" I asked M. Paysant, looking at the empty benches of the courtroom.

"Everyone else? But we're all here," he said, producing four brandy glasses from a pocket with the speed of a conjuror. He drew two more chairs up to the table, and the two men pushed across the long loaf and the Pont l'Evêque cheese as we sat down. One of them, a tall austere man with a thick moustache, was the organiser of the carthorse show due to take place next day. His fellow judge for this occasion, a lean bespectacled man, was M. Lepêque, a manufacturer of cheeses; which accounted perhaps for the excellent condition of the cheese we were eating.

There were just two bottles of cider standing modestly on the floor; the relative merits of their contents were decided, with a somewhat indecent haste, by the two-man jury. Then, with a closing of claspknives and a gulping of bread and cheese, the more serious business of classifying the *eau-de-vie* was begun. The be-hatted judges sipped, held their glasses to the light, looked pensively at the ceiling or stared at the framed photos of past mayors on the wall, sipped again, and then emptied their glasses into a bucket conveniently placed under the table. So far, this seemed the best thing to do with the fiery stuff. M. Paysant, silent and impassive, opened another numbered bottle, washed the four glasses and refilled them. He sipped, I sipped, we sipped all four. M. Lepêque and his fellow judge were marking points on little slips of paper.

"Numbers Two, Five and Four, in that order, possibly," said at last the tall, horsey man.

"Or Five, Two, and then Four," ventured M. Lepêque. "Five's smoother and has the better colour. *C'est une idée.*" He gave the impression that his opinion was an open one and that the last thing he wished to do was to pass judgment.

Each of them poured a little of Number Five into the palm of his hand, rubbed his palms together as though using hair-oil, but then cupped his hands around his nose. They both looked inquiringly at M. Paysant, who had done likewise. "It's the best of them," he muttered in a neutral tone. But the two judges gave neither reply or sign.

"Of course, none of these has any character yet," M. Paysant pointed out to me. "They're just the one-year-old class. Now when we reach the five-year-olds you'll begin to appreciate the Calvados." He reached for the loaf and the cheese; the two claspknives circulated round the table, and we all munched away as though waiting for the second course to come along. From the wall the bearded mayors of the past looked down at us with sober dignity and frigid disapproval. By the time the five-year-olds were uncorked, the bucket was sending up some heady fumes from under the table; at least, I supposed they were coming from the bucket. The two judges were now more assertive. They took each bottle and shook it vigorously, then peered keenly at the amount of winking beads. "This one's more than five years old. Someone's trying to cheat us."

M. Paysant shrugged his shoulders. All the bottles were of the same size and shape, and, as far as I could see, bore no distinguishing marks.

There was only one bottle of ten-year-old calvados. Nevertheless, this merited some consideration. "It's only worth a second prize in its class," ventured M. Lepêque, sipping thoughtfully. "It's strength isn't what it should be for its age. *C'est une idée.*" It had become a matter for deep reflection; we all ate some more bread and cheese, and sipped again. The judges, their hats pushed back, had long since stopped marking their pieces of paper.

"There's the Number Three you promoted from the fourth class," said M. Paysant, who was idly manœuvring the opened, half-empty bottles as though playing over a game of chess with himself. "That makes Number Two third in the fourth class, doesn't it?"

The other two looked rather baffled. "*C'est une idée,*" granted Mr. Lepêque, reaching for the last of the cheese.

M. Paysant brushed the crumbs off the table, washed all the glasses thoroughly and then, with a magnificent sweeping motion, produced the last unopened bottle. "Twenty years old," he pronounced, with some feeling in his voice at last. "Sip this." He poured out a dark golden liquid that tasted as smooth and mellow as a really good cognac. We sat back and sipped again, and looked defiantly now at the bearded, too solemn

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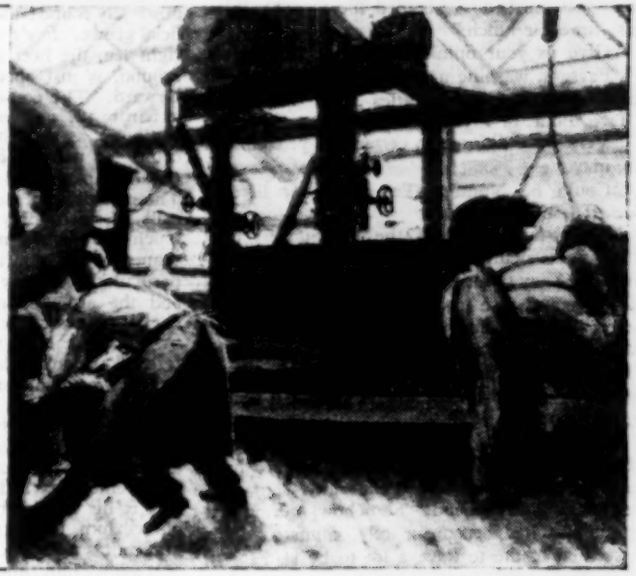

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line of mayors above. "First prize, this." The tall judge wiped his moustache and glanced round to see, perhaps, whether there were any second and third prizes to bestow.

We were draining our glasses when the door opened and the tubby mayor with one of his councillors came marching up the room. "Well, have you finished?" boomed the mayor. "It's past time for lunch."

"Give us your opinion on these three," said M. Paysant, washing a couple of the glasses and then selecting three bottles from the store. "Two, Four, or Five?"

"Very little difference, certainly," pronounced the mayor.

"Could be Number Two—or is it Five?" declared the councillor.

M. Paysant looked at the two judges; they made polite neutral sounds but said nothing distinctly. They silently folded up their little pieces of paper and rose from table like men who had performed their duty nobly. M. Paysant began carefully placing all the bottles in a basket; he picked up, with a proprietary air, the bottle that had been opened last of all and slipped it swiftly into his pocket.

We left the heady courtroom to the fixed stares of the mayors in their frames, and strolled back to the market place where the cattle show was just coming to an end. Somehow, during our absence, it had become a jolly, animated affair; it seemed to me to have a lot to be said for it, after all.

LEN ORTZEN

The Arts and Entertainment

PATIENCE

AT the Arts Council, St. James's Square, there are thirty pieces of sculpture, most of them bronzes ranging in scale from life-size figures to 6in. high animals, some woodcuts and some drawings by the German sculptor Gerhard Marcks. Marcks is 65 years old but all the works shown date from the last fifteen years. Although he is well known in Germany this is his first exhibition in London.

The catalogue introduction states that Marcks's sculpture represents "a golden mean" between the powerful Gothic expressionism of Barlach and the tender Parisian expressionism of Lehmbruk. Its tradition is far more Mediterranean than either of theirs, its distortions far more classical and far less noticeable. But at the same time Marcks's work is distinctly German. One of his nudes is reminiscent of a Cranach. And in all his works there is a tightness of conscience, reflected in a tightness of form, and a virtuous domesticity—a spirit of mythological Cleanliness—that are essentially Nordic. Venus bends over Cupid as though to straighten his tie before he is sent off to school. Eve is a dutiful wife rather than the first temptress. One imagines the upright *Young Shepherd* as a young Samuel answering the call of the Lord—not the pipes of Pan. Yet if the character of Marcks's work strikes some as alien or heavy or humourless, he has forestalled such criticism by saying that "It is not the function of art to relieve those without faith from their boredom": a remark which, taken in its broadest context, is a superb prophetic vindication of the attitude of mind that must eventually replace our present sensation-mongering frivolity.

And indeed it is when seen in relation to so many of his contemporaries that Marcks becomes impressive. It is easy to see that he lacks the visionary energy of Barlach, particularly as when in the *Prophet* he follows his example most closely. It is equally easy to see that his drawings, just because they are working drawings made only to clarify his own ideas, are modest and sometimes even feeble. But if one takes the trouble and time to look intently at, say, the two large nudes *Freya* and *Eve*, one discovers the rare, calm integrity that lies behind Marcks's unassuming quietness. One critic wrote last week that these figures "lack that final subtlety of modelling which makes such statues live." The truth is the other way round: they are too subtle for the superficial glance. *Eve's* weight is on her left foot. Her right leg, the heel raised a centimetre from the ground, is just about to take a small easy step forward. The consequences of this intention (it is hardly yet a movement) modify every form in her body, as though—to exaggerate a little—one could see within her apparently placid stance a girl on tip-toe. *Freya* is more impressive still. The modelling of her torso is marvellous. It recalls Despiau, only the sexual motive is very much more sublimated than in Despiau and consequently the figure is more idealised. Notice particularly the way her hair falls over her back and the articulation of her thighs, their most frontal planes convexly curved as though part of the rim of a huge wheel, with the cushion-like form of the stomach above and between them.

I am not suggesting that Marcks is a great sculptor. Nor can I pretend that personally I find his work very sympathetic; for my own convictions their philosophy is too quiescent. But his achievement demands recognition. And his achievement, considering the impatience of this age, is his remarkable patience: a patience that allows him to respect tradition without being academic: a patience towards his subject matter that allows him time to discover the subject's undramatic drama: a patience towards public opinion which allows him to refrain completely from straining after any effect.

JOHN BERGER

STRATFORD

THE last play to come into the repertory at Stratford is *Troilus and Cressida* in a very fine production by Glen Byam Shaw. It is necessary, alas, at Stratford this season to make a sharp distinction between the productions as conceptions by the director and productions in the looser sense of the finished results; and this distinction has to be kept in mind with this *Troilus* no less. The play, it is generally admitted, is among the more difficult in the canon, and the difficulty is of two kinds. It is difficult to stage both lucidly and convincingly, for it all too easily generates into a cluttered muddle. But an even greater difficulty is presented by the spirit of the play—the extraordinary air of disillusion that hangs over it and breaks out at times into a savage misanthropy. Perhaps the great difficulty here is to find the play's unity, for the mood is not constant, and it seems as if the different parts of it must have been written at different times, that it was finished in an uglier mood than it was begun in, and that the playwright became too impatient to bother to make it consistent.

With the first of these difficulties Mr. Byam Shaw copes brilliantly. Lucidity is, as in all his recent productions, the prevailing note. He makes it (and this is by no means as easy as it may seem) simplicity itself to follow the thread. Perhaps the fights are less convincing than they might be, but this is the only detail that is smudged. With the difficulty of the mood success is more partial; but here we enter that indeterminate territory where the intentions of the producer come up against the capabilities of the actors. In this version of the myth the two sides are strongly contrasted. The Trojan fighters are simple romantics, Hector the heroic, Paris the beautiful, Troilus the constant. The Greeks, on the other hand, are deromanticised. Ulysses the twister, Nestor the bore, Hercules the bully. Each side too has its monster. The Trojans their venial Pandarus, the Greeks their dog Thersites. With the Trojans at least there should be no difficulty. Yet unfortunately, at Stratford, there is. Priam, Paris, Hector are all adequate, but it is on the Troilus that we rely to establish this value at its most full. It is sad that Mr. Laurence Harvey, for all his gifts, makes so little effect in the part. Mr. Harvey has grace and appeal and the makings of a good lyric voice. But for some reason, however hard he tries, he does not succeed in imposing his performance on an audience. He goes through the motions well enough. One sees what he is meaning to convey, and that it would be effective if he only had the ability to project it. As it is, we are left untouched. The part offers a wonderful chance to a romantic actor and the lacuna when it is not filled in is really fatal to the play. Nor could I admire Miss Muriel Pavlov's Cressida—altogether too pert and irredeemably modern. It was, with one exception, only the experienced Shakespearian actors who were able to reach out to their producer's intentions. Mr. Anthony Quayle's old poodle of a Pandarus is a masterly study, rich in detail and nicely complete. Then, among the Greeks, Mr. Leo McKern is delightfully at home and easy with his Ulysses (how admirably he delivered the "Time hath my lord a wallet on his back" speech) but his very ease and tact showed up too many of his colleagues as the crudest of caricatures. The contrast between the sides was certainly there, but in altogether too unsubtle and forced a way. The exception on the Greek side was Mr. Keith Michell as Achilles. The brutality and ugliness of this character has obviously a very important value in Mr. Byam Shaw's conception (he perhaps over-underlines it by presenting a transvestist kind of Patroclus, but his staging of the murder of Hector is a really fine piece of horror). Mr. Michell is just able to encompass the violence at the very extreme of his present range.

As I have remarked before in writing of this season at Stratford, it is the uncomfortable feeling of strain in many of these young actors that is so unpleasing. The Stratford auditorium is cruelly hard on them, of course, but I think it has been proved a mistake to submit them to it. Still, in spite of the defects of the acting which is too much below the standard which Stratford should allow itself, this *Troilus and Cressida* is by no means unenjoyable. Mr. Malcolm Pride's simple but suggestive sets are extremely helpful, as too is Mr. Anthony Hopkins's music, and the conception behind the production carries above its mishandlings. I should very much like to see it next year re-cast.

Rather surprisingly, the success of the season in my view is *The Taming of the Shrew*. I find myself surprised just because I have always in the past thought this play contemptible. But Mr. George Devine has by his admirable production quite won me over to it. Mannered farce is the style he adopts, but the mannerisms are never arch, the farce is never overdone. The style is maintained from start to finish without a drop and with a fine rapid pace, and the whole company throw themselves into it with evident relish. Acting is less important here than a unanimous concord of style; that is beautifully achieved. Miss Barbara Jefford is quite excellent as the Shrew, but Mr. Keith Michell makes an easy and winning Petruchio. David O'Brien, James Grant and Leo McKern contribute particularly to our pleasure, and Miss Vivienne Kernot's sets are original and ingenious and mercifully unfashionable. Altogether a charming and delightful performance.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

NO doubt in the fullness of time the relations between sound broadcasting and television will be worked out and a balance between the two media achieved. Meanwhile, it is plain that in the public mind—or, rather, in the minds that seek to sway the public mind—sound broadcasting is being cast as the innocent, i.e., the harmless, and television as the menace. Television is feared, and it is easy to understand why. "The almost unknown powers of television": the phrase comes from the leading article in last Sunday's *Observer*. "Television," says the writer, "is a medium with a very powerful impact on the human mind: it should

be used to create a certain sense of occasion." The implication is that there should not be too much television, that it should be carefully rationed. I find the view interesting: printing is also a medium with a very powerful impact on the human mind, and even at this late date no one, I imagine, will deny that there are some products of the printing press that have had and are still having a greater impact on the human mind than anything we are likely to see on our TV screens. Yet I do not suppose the *Observer's* leader-writer would dream of advocating the rationing of books.

Fear of the unknown menace, television, understandable though it is, is likely to be as bad a counsellor in our attitude towards it as fear has always proved in other spheres. And perhaps we would do better to let the future look after itself and come to terms with the present. Then, if we compare what we already know of television with sound radio, we shall, I believe, be forced to a quite simple conclusion: sound broadcasting, at any rate in some of its manifestations, and those we have often thought peculiar to radio, has already become only merely a substitute for television. Given the choice between comparable programmes on TV and sound, no one with any experience of both would bother to switch on sound. It must be seven years since I heard Mr. Denis Johnston, who knows both media better than most people, say that all that was left for sound radio to do was to keep the seat warm for television. It is a truth that no amount of fear of television will alter.

Sound broadcasting, then, has become the substitute: TV is the real thing. That there are exceptions I am well aware, and artistically they are important: one remembers *Under Milk Wood*. Sound can exist in its own right, but where the programme material belongs to the realm of journalism, the reflection of current events and commentary upon them, TV will always win. There was, for example, a strikingly good discussion programme in the Home Service a few weeks ago, *Frankly Speaking*, in which Lady Astor was interviewed by Mr. Colin MacInnes, Mr. C. R. Hewitt and Dr. Roger Bannister, in themselves a very interesting team. The result was a programme which was rich in character and warm with personality. It was entirely satisfactory—until one began to imagine it on TV. Then one realised how much richer, how much warmer, it would have been.

We have, I think, to guard against the kind of puritanism which springs in the first place from having had to make the best of a bad job, the puritanism which says that if one sense is satisfied one should not need to satisfy another at the same time. The answer is simple: in the ordinary actions of living we do in fact hear and see simultaneously, and to be allowed to use only one of these senses is a deprivation. One was acutely conscious of this the other night, listening to Mr. Leonard Cottrell's feature, *The New Pyramid*, on Dr. Zakaria Goneim's recent excavations at Saqqara. Of course, one was glad to hear Dr. Goneim's voice caught, as it were, off guard by Mr. Cottrell's tape-recorder; and if Mr. Cottrell had been a poet the deprivation might have been quite transcended. But Mr. Cottrell is not a poet; his virtues are those of the unaffected, sober reporter; and one was left with the feeling that ideally the programme was a job for the Television Documentary Film Unit, a feeling the more strong because, after a period of apparent inanition, the Unit's programmes are again back on the screen.

The most recent have dealt with subjects that might have been treated in sound. After the Bank Holiday we had Mr. Allan Prior's *The Blackpool Story*, a dramatisation of the growth of the town during the past fifty years, the building of the tower, and so on. It was a good transcript, rendered in honest human terms, of a chapter of social history. The work of a young novelist, it will, I imagine, be the precursor of many programmes in which novelists collaborate with television film directors. A week or so earlier, we had seen Mr. Robert Barr's *Mock Auction*, a very deft exposure of a minor social evil. At the end of it one felt it as a certainty that there must be at least a few thousand suckers the less because they had seen the programme.

Sound could not have done it nearly so effectively, any more than it could have shown us Blackpool Tower. There are many more and much graver social ills to be exposed. Television can do it. But we cannot expect it to be much bolder than the makers of public opinion show themselves to be. We are already in this country, as compared with the Americans, sheltered from the worst blasts of TV. I wish I could always believe we were not also sheltered from its virtues. We talk of B.B.C. timidity, but in fairness we must remember that much of the timidity we attribute to the Corporation comes from elsewhere. Will there, for instance, be television cameras at the party conferences this autumn? Might it not be to our advantage, as electors, if there were?

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" and "Indiscretion," at the Dominion and the New Victoria

Luis Bunuel's *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* is quite the best film version of a classic yet made, though why it should be is not so easy to determine. You might suppose that the forty minutes in which Crusoe is alone on his island would be either dull or a *tour de force*; they are neither. Bunuel takes events quietly, as does Defoe, and the smart pace of his narrative doesn't at all destroy the sense of time passing. Each paragraph, so to speak, jumps ahead, marking a stage in the phases of loneliness, just as the days and the years are notched in a post. Crusoe explores, builds his bower, falls sick and is haunted by a teeheeing parent, reads the Bible, hunts, sows wheat and breeds goats, madly celebrates a quinquennary, talks to his dog, curses the parrot that exclaims "Eva," shouts to God down a valley, breasts the tide with a flaming torch. The matter-of-factness is Defoe's, the uneasiness—or a fair part of it—Bunuel's. A writer can always rely, whether he likes it or not, on readers pouring themselves into the pint-pot of his "I"; their identification on a screen is more of an attachment. We *see* the changes in Crusoe, from a shipwrecked man (who might be anyone) to his final ungrooming when he emerges as a middle-aged eccentric enjoying his regular promenade under a sunshade of furs and making queer leaping movements at the hint of danger. The jungle makes a penetrable wall one way, the horizon of the bay stretches the other, and the Terror, growing familiar, never stops growing.

Crusoe is played by Dan O'Herlihy, and it's an advantage to have a face and a personality fresh to us. We accept him as Crusoe, as the Crusoe illustrations have always depicted, and the whole cunning of the actor and of the film has gone to making his actions real actions, his fears genuine, his flicks of mania and humour, which in the book give him an ironic Tom o' Bedlam touch, as natural as the ivy that decorates and strangles a tree. We take it for granted that he *is* Crusoe, and the few quirks and resonances allowed him make their effect. He is Everyman on a desert island, its prisoner, its king, and his nightmare is our dream. Enormous, if unobtrusive, pains have gone to picturing this single figure in a landscape without dropping into soliloquy.

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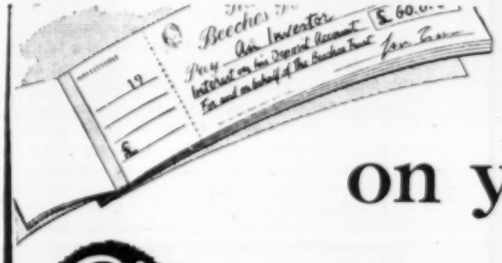

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Then comes the footprint in the sand: characteristically taken in the stride of the narrative. How will Friday turn out? Such a savage, weaned from his cannibalism, childlike, humorous, quick to learn and suffer, as we should like to think we have always imagined. But in fact we see him here for the first time: James Fernandez beautifully and exactly embodies him. He is alive and charming, and the love between master and slave can be underplayed: the method that all through this tale pays best. By this time everything is established. The education of Friday—the ankle-chains, the pipe-smoking, the theological posers, the incident of the woman's dress—proceeds with such conviction that any mistake now on Bunuel's part is unthinkable. And he makes no mistake. His *Robinson Crusoe*, which has excited in ways almost unknown to the cinema, reaches its classical conclusion with the certainty it has shown all along. I don't see how Defoe could be done better: where he has been improved on or telescoped it has been all to the advantage of film-making. Its triumph is to have created a narrative as absorbing as the original with a style that will suit all minds, from the most simple to the most sophisticated. But if Bunuel was a puzzling figure before, he becomes now doubly mysterious. Dadaism in the twenties, then an exile lasting almost as long as Crusoe's, then the harsh clarities of *Los Olvidados* and *El*, and now Hollywood and *Crusoe*, and to come—guess what! —*Wuthering Heights*.

De Sica's *Indiscretion*, the first feature of this programme strangely launched outside the West End, is unfortunately well-named. Made in Rome, it betrays American influence in more than its two stars: feeling has drained away and conventional box office nipped in, as happened to Clair. An erring wife (Jennifer Jones) and her lover (Montgomery Clift) in the big new railway station; people coming and going and (no wonder!) staring; pathos in the third-class waiting-room; shots—some quite beautiful—of the evening beyond the terminal arch; feather-hatted soldiers, a carpet put down for a President, clergymen fussing over coffee; passionate quarrels, close-ups, reconciliations, and indiscretion in a dark carriage on the part of the two stars, he having walked almost slap under an incoming train to establish passion; if it weren't De Sica's, one might say it was slickly interesting. As it is, one wink of the fantastic Crusoe convinces more than all this parting of engines and sad love under the arc-lights.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Salad Days," at the Vaudeville

This is the summer musical show devised, written, composed, set, danced, acted and sung entirely by the resident members of the Bristol Old Vic Company. And it is, rather surprisingly it may be thought, taking the town by storm. Surprisingly, because, viewed coldly and objectively, it might be criticised as naive and unprofessional, the cast rather turning their hands to revue than being adept at the mode. But these are the very reasons for its catching on. Substitute for 'naive' charmingly unsophisticated, for 'unprofessional' young, fresh and uninhibited, and there you have the explanation for its deserved success. Simplicity (*vide The Boy Friend*) is the latest thing. *Salad Days* is something poles apart from the long well-worn groove of intimate revue. Its mainspring is an innocent sentimentality instead of the customary sophisticated malice; and Mr. Julian Slade's catchy music follows in this Miss Dorothy Reynolds's text, his spirit being something nearer Edward German than Cole Porter as hers is nearer Thomas Hood than Alan Melville. My own preference is for the second half where two set pieces—a mock night club and a cod dress parade—come off brilliantly as wholes. But these will count less in the general estimate than the charms of unaffected simplicity that abound in the songs and the dances. Miss Eleanor Drew and Mr. John Warner hold the main thread expertly enough as a pair of very newly-weds, and the company assist with high spirits. Mr. Patrick Robertson is responsible for the ingenious and amusing settings. Among other things this show, and the warmth with which it was received, is a tribute to the enterprise of the Bristol Old Vic's late director, Mr. Denis Carey, whose skill in finding talent and energy in galvanising it is in the first place responsible for an entertainment which can proudly claim that it is from first to last home grown.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

THE LIBRARIAN'S DAUGHTER

SIR,—From time to time we read in the national press a brief report that a public library committee somewhere in the country has withdrawn a book from circulation. The book is invariably one which deals frankly with sex, and the report usually suggests by its tone and headlines that readers will no doubt be amused at yet another example of provincial narrow-mindedness. They are, of course, and note the book in their library lists. Yet, though to sophisticated metropolitan readers such acts of censorship may seem silly and maiden-auntish, there would generally be found to lie behind them a sincere and entirely laudable concern for the moral wellbeing of a community, and more especially of the younger members of it. It just happens that the exercise of virtue provides more opportunities for fatuous behaviour than does the more sophisticated attitude of moral *laissez-faire*. But the problem, towards the solution of which these sporadic acts of censorship are, as it were, vague and inadequate gestures, is an important one and merits serious consideration.

Like most other librarians, I get occasional complaints about books in my library. These complaints have recently become rather more numerous. At the moment of writing I have on my desk four books which have been referred to me as "unfit for circulation," or as "not suitable for a public library," or even (in the case of a book enthusiastically reviewed on the radio) as "too disgusting to read." Now these complaints always involve a concern for the possible harmful effects upon third parties. I cannot recall a single case in which the complainant has confessed that the reading of the book in question, or of similar books, has done him (or her) irreparable moral harm. As a result no one can ever produce any sound evidence that the books have a harmful effect. I usually point out that it is one of a librarian's duties to read carefully any book which is the subject of complaint, and that so far as I am aware librarians are not especially distinguished for their vicious and depraved conduct. And yet they do not lay claim to any godlike incorruptibility or moral supremacy over the common run of mankind. At this stage of the discussion—I always invite complainants to have a friendly chat—the Librarian's daughter is invariably introduced. "Would you be happy," I am asked, "if you knew your daughter was reading stuff like this?" The question is a fair one, and one day it will be an extremely pertinent one—at the moment my daughter is not yet five. So I do my best to project myself into the future.

I see my daughter as an attractive, healthy, intelligent girl of fifteen or sixteen. I assume, and the complainants are always anxious to concede the point, that she has enjoyed the inestimable privilege of growing up in a happy and cultivated family environment. I further assume—and in these enlightened days it is a perfectly safe assumption—that she has acquired a considerable theoretical knowledge of the processes of sexual reproduction in human beings, with perhaps some practical acquaintance with these same processes in dogs, cats and rabbits. I also have good reasons for believing that she already suspects that there is more in sex than either her parents or her biology mistress have told her. She is beginning to enjoy the company of boys of her own age. She is, in fact, a typical teenager. In a few short years she has to effect the transition from childhood to young womanhood. Now, is "stuff like this" going to help her, or not? A good friend of mine, who has a vast experience of young people, says decidedly: No. He objects very strongly to young people reading, not books which represent (as they surely must) that making love is a pleasant, desirable, and healthy activity, but those books which might instruct them in amatory techniques. A curiosity about sex, and a desire to learn more about it are perfectly healthy, he argues, but a knowledge of the technique of love-making should be acquired gradually and naturally. "Stuff like this," by giving the young person specific detail, encourages experimentation. And premature experimentation, if it has no more unfortunate results, will produce a generation of blasé young people who know all the answers long before they are emotionally or psychologically mature. He would keep out of their hands any such books until they were at least 16 or 17 years of age. By this age, presumably, they would *naturally* have learned much that these books would have taught them.

If my friend is right, obviously I should do something to protect these young people from premature enlightenment. At present I allow them unrestricted access to the shelves of the adult lending library after they reach the age of fourteen! But is he right? One tries desperately to recall one's own adolescence. With no documentary sources other than the Pentateuch, was one less or more precocious? At what age did one . . . but, of course, we were all models of purity and innocence, otherwise we would not have grown into such decent people. One vaguely remembers some third-party boastings which, if true, would have indicated that some of one's co-evals were exceptionally precocious. But well-bred children of our day made their amorous discoveries gradually and naturally, i.e., without any warnings or preparation, and in the face of heavy adult opposition. Which, naturally, made these discoveries all the more exciting! Stolen water is sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.

What is the truth of the matter? I daresay no permanent psychological damage will be done to my young readers if they have to wait another two or three years before they are allowed to read the books which their parents find so entertaining and profitable. But I have a horror of being fatuous, even in the cause of virtue. I shudder to think of the headlines. Will some kind reader advise me?

Taunton. J. E. V. BIRCH,
Borough Librarian

CYPRUS

SIR,—Your leading article upon the situation in Cyprus will be welcomed by the apologists of disloyalty everywhere. The first duty of a Government must be to govern. If the authorities of Cyprus (and in particular the Attorney-General) are at fault it is in not coming to grips with the illegal campaign in support of *Enosis* until that campaign has reached fever pitch. Surely THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION does not really wish to go on record as condoning illegality? Cyprus is not, in fact, a "Greek island." It is no more under any kind of "foreign" rule than Hampstead. Both are equally under the sovereignty of Her Majesty, and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would have rendered greater service if, instead of siding with the lawbreakers, it had reminded the misguided British protagonists of *Enosis*—Mr. Kingsley Martin included—of the penalties provided under the Treason Felony Act, 1848 (see 11 and 12 Victoria, Ch. XII, Sect. 3) for those seeking to dispossess Her Majesty of sovereignty over any of Her possessions. It is to be hoped that the Attorney-General here will emulate the belated zeal of his colleague in Cyprus, since if the Treason Felony Act can be flouted with impunity we may expect a flow of immigrants from Cyprus to propagate at will sentiments which in the Colony would earn them five years' imprisonment.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION might begin the long process of its own rehabilitation by ceasing to give hospitality to the so-called delegate in London of the Cyprus Ethnarchy, whose letter, accorded pride of place in last week's issue, is a typical example of the conduct which has at length forced even his own vacilliating Government to act. ANTHONY KIELY

46 Fitzjohns Avenue, N.W.3.

SIR,—One could hardly agree more with the impartial exposition of the Cypriot case in your article of August 7. The contradictions inherent in Her Majesty's Government's attitude towards this problem, the shallowness of the anti-enotist arguments and last, but not least, the resort to oppressive measures leave no doubt as to which side is right. There are, unfor-

tunately, shades of opinion which have always expressed themselves in the most uncompromising manner on any question touching the future of British "possessions overseas." Their representatives, whether advocates of paternalism or believers in the right of the fittest, have never been able to reconcile themselves with such motions as "freedom" or the "sovereign equality of nations." They still refuse to understand that even people beyond the Channel can aspire to other things than their daily bread. They will always oppose any sensible policy so long as force and diplomatic pressure provide alternatives—however poor. In the field of power politics, of course, Greece is definitely placed in a disadvantageous position. Only the weight of public opinion throughout the world can restore the balance.

Every true democrat will admit that the Cypriot struggle for the right of self-determination has long transcended the purely national level. It remains, therefore, to be seen whether right will prevail over might, or whether principles for which two wars have been fought and enormous sacrifices are still being made, must be allowed to founder under the pressure of Tory Party exigencies.

DEMETRIOS ARGYRIADES
14 Stafford Terrace, W.8.

HEADS IN A BUCKET OF SAND

SIR,—The arguments advanced in your article "Heads in a Bucket of Sand" are strongly supported by the writer of an article entitled "Some Reflections on the Conduct of War," in the August number of *The Navy*, who asks the question whether we are "making the most of Russia's intense desire to ban the use of atomic weapons." He argued that "the possibility of an agreement based on the threat of retaliation—an agreement not to be the first to use it [the H-bomb] might well be explored," and consider that such an agreement might even lead "to the abolition of massed destruction raids of any kind on the civilian population." He questions the soundness of the argument that we should regard the atomic bomb as "a permanent safeguard until we can mobilise our reserves" and points out that, even with their "vast reserve of manpower," the "Soviet armies advancing from the East would find it difficult to continue their offensive" under attack by aircraft from carriers of the British and United States Fleets in the Mediterranean, which "now have direct access to the Black Sea," and from airfields in North Africa, Greece and Turkey. These aircraft would attack the Soviet communications and their fuel supplies, and also the Soviet oil production centres in the Black Sea region which, he states, would be "well within range of U.S. medium-range naval bombers." He concludes his article by remarking that if our planners made "proper use of the immense air-sea power now available to them, we should hear less of the survival of 14 nations being dependent on the atomic bomb."

H. R. PELLY

SIR,—Your criticism of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd for not accepting Mr. Arthur Henderson's proposal that the Powers should agree not to use the hydrogen bomb except in retaliation, shows that you do not appreciate, or do not wish to appreciate, the choice before us. That choice is between being destroyed by this bomb, or conquered by the vast armies of Russia. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd correctly represents the majority of his fellow-countrymen in preferring to be vaporised rather than communised.

ESHER

THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM

SIR,—I feel that Critic skates altogether too lightly over the disconcerting implications of the Klimowicz affair. Apparently any Polish bank-robber or murderer who can stow away on a merchant ship and get as far as the Pool of London undiscovered can set in motion the whole majesty and weight of British law to rescue him from the consequences of his misdeeds in his own country.

Our absurd anxiety to grant so-called "political asylum" in certain cases is rendering us liable to be played for suckers. One wonders, however, what would have happened had the stowaway been a refugee from, say, Spain instead of from Poland.

The apparent power of the Polish emigré movement in this country is also rather frightening with its spies among dockers, dock-side demonstrations and "pull" with the authorities. I am all for the maintenance of our traditional readiness to afford a haven to refugees, but aren't we too often taken for mugs by people whose concern for our conception of liberty and freedom is nil.

J. N. GRIFFIN

SOCIALIST OUTLOOK

SIR,—As a Prospective Parliamentary Candidate I have just been officially informed of the National Executive's decision that persons associated with or supporting *Socialist Outlook* are ineligible for membership of the Labour Party.

What does this mean? I have written articles for *Tribune* and letters to THE NEW STATESMAN. Am I associated with these journals? Clearly, if I even buy and read a paper I am supporting it.

I have read occasional copies of *Socialist Outlook*, and I cannot say I really cared for it, but I am not going to be told what I may or may not read, and one must make sacrifices in defence of freedom. So will the Editor of *Socialist Outlook* please put me on his mailing list?

HUGH JENKINS
12 The Woodlands,
Beulah Hill, S.E.19.

YOUTH AND THE CHURCH

SIR,—Dr. Mervyn Stockwood welcomes the renewed interest of young people in religion. It would be easier to share his view if one felt more confident that an increase in church-going will lead to a growth of social awareness and responsibility. It is not wrong that men and women should turn to the Church in the expectation that their own individual needs will be met: but it is a pity if the Church then does no more than try to satisfy these without encouraging a less self-regarding social philosophy.

Like many adolescents, at 16 and 17 I responded to the emotional appeal of religion and enjoyed the companionship of a church. I ceased to be a regular church-goer, not because I ceased to believe, but because, as my awareness of social problems grew, the Church appeared to have less and less to offer. The emphasis on personal salvation fell short of what seemed to be a satisfactory basis for living in a community. I was told, in effect, how to look after myself by "getting right with God" and not that I should be particularly concerned even with the spiritual welfare of my fellow men. I did not ask for politics from the pulpit but expected some social comment and rather less discussion of theology and Church organisation.

Ten years later it is hard to find signs of a change. As many observers noted, Billy Graham's appeal (to which young people largely responded) was to enlightened self-interest—to saving oneself—and it was widely welcomed by Churchmen. Yet it is precisely now when, as Dr. Stockwood says, social conditions are so much better, that the Church should be drawing attention to neglected problems that remain. This may mean that it is critical of some Socialist attitudes and of the results of Socialist policy. But the important thing is that the Church should really show awareness that there *are* problems, and encourage its members to look at them.

Few Churchmen would measure their success in numbers alone irrespective of the motives that bring in recruits and the basis of the appeal to them. But at the moment the Church's appeal to youth is hardly a subject for complacency. And when others like myself attend Church, it is not in the expectation of being reminded of our obligations towards our fellow men, but because we like organ music and enjoy singing hymns.

W. T. RODGERS
17 Southwood Avenue, N.6.

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

SIR,—I am editing a book on the work of Graham Sutherland which will be published by Messrs. Lund Humphries. It is intended to be a comprehensive record of the watercolours and oils, but I am having difficulty in tracing the ownership of a number of them, and I would deeply appreciate the hospitality of your columns to ask Sutherland collectors with whom I have not been in touch kindly to lend me photographs or send me full details of the pictures in their possession.

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Books in General

EARLY in 1820 Sophia Scott, elder daughter of the Great Unknown, engaged herself to John Gibson Lockhart. "I think," Scott wrote to Sophia's brother Walter, "Mama would have liked a little more stile but she has no sort of objection to the affair. Indeed, the principal persons being pleased, I do not see there is much to be said." It was a temperate approval. The young man, although of "the family of Wicketshaw, very old cadets of that of Lee," was a son of the manse—and manse bairns, even if in the universal Scottish fashion they boast long pedigrees from small places, are notoriously not always "menseful." Lockhart was undoubtedly brilliantly clever. But was he discreet? In manner he was more grave and retired than Scott cared for, with an awkwardness in society which would have been most disadvantageous but for his handsome face and melancholy Spanish head. Among his cronies he was another being, exuberant with satirical laughter. Give him a pen and he became a scorpion, delighting to sting the faces of men. He had said so himself—or allowed it to be said for him by John Wilson, or by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd—in the scandalous *Chaldee MS.*

For Lockhart, fresh from Balliol and with no great promise of practice as an advocate, had joined the group of vituperative writers who were transforming the respectable and short-lived *Edinburgh Monthly* into the mountingly notorious *Blackwood's Magazine*. The spectacle was entertaining, fascinating and alarming: there was no knowing where the young men would stop. They had attacked Mr. Leigh Hunt, but Mr. Leigh Hunt, indeed, was a vulgarian. They had ridiculed Mr. Keats, but Mr. Keats was nobody at all. It was a different matter when they turned upon Dr. Chalmers—and even upon the venerated Dr. Playfair himself! Somewhat in the tone later to be adopted by Mr. Pott when setting his heel upon the Eatanswill Independent, they warned Dr. Chalmers against joining "certain scoffing priests and envious renegadoes who are already branded with an everlasting infamy for the share which they have taken in the guilty triumphs of the *Edinburgh Review*." And they described Dr. Playfair—he had been Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University—as "the man who can undertake for a bit of bread to wrap himself in deceit as in a garment." The young men were having enormous fun, and they believed they could get away with it. For this was the great age of libel; criticism and controversy, whether literary or political, were savage as they had not been since the heyday of Milton and Salmasius; and indeed much that appears outrageous now must have seemed only spirited then.

Yet neither the wisdom nor the prudence of Walter Scott could approve the excesses of *Blackwood's*. Edinburgh, he said, was too narrow for satire so markedly personal as the magazine indulged in, and he dreaded his prospective son-in-law's talent as odious and most dangerous. The foreboding was to justify itself tragically. Only a few months later Lockhart's virulence involved him in an ink-pot quarrel which he chose to treat as an affair of honour. In the upshot a certain John Scott was killed in a duel, not by Lockhart but by one of Lockhart's most loyal friends. Scott himself was culpable in this matter; but at least he was wise, even stern, after the event:

> You have now the best possible opportunity to break off with the Magazine, which will otherwise remain a snare and temptation to your love of satire and I must needs say that you will not have public feeling nor the regard of your friends with you should you be speedily the heroe of such another scene.

The scorpion was not killed—scarcely indeed scotched. Yet Lockhart was now established, for his marriage had made it certain that his abilities would have their chance. John Murray sought his services as editor of a projected newspaper, *The Representative*, and despatched the young Disraeli to Scotland with assurances that the appointment entailed association only with "a band of high-bred gentlemen." When Scott disapproved, declaring journalism to be a "department of literature" in which his son-in-law could not engage without the risk of losing "a considerable part of his respectability in society," Murray almost immediately appointed the young man to succeed Gifford as editor of the recently established *Quarterly Review*. This was a very different matter—a position, Murray confidently wrote, "which I verily believe is coveted by many of the highest literary characters in the country, and which of itself would entitle its possessor to enter into and mix with the first classes of society." The prospect was gratifying to Lockhart and gratifying to Scott—whose own care for the social ladder was even then being attested in the fatally proliferating stone of Abbotsford. The new editor gave himself to his task with devotion, and the *Quarterly* became formidable and immensely influential.

But always there was the scorpion—reluctant to break with *Blackwood's*, injecting the old venom into the new journal, licensing the detestable Croker to humourless outrages which even his earlier associates would scarcely have tolerated. It was one thing, at 23, to have described Hunt's poetry as that of a man who has kept company with kept-mistresses, and to have ordered Keats back to his plasters, pills and ointment-boxes. It was another matter to return to the charge ten years later, likening Hunt to a poor, worn-out wanton, and turning the knife—or directing its turning—in the very dust of the poet who lay beneath the shadow of the Pyramid of Cestius. And this pertinacity in the persecution of men dead or discredited is thrown into relief by another episode. In 1821 Lockhart addressed an anonymous *Open Letter to Lord Byron*:

> It is surely a very good thing to be a clever poet; but it is a much more essential thing to be a gentleman. . . . To quarrel with your wife overnight and communicate your quarrel to the public the next morning in a sentimental copy of verses, to affect utter broken-heartedness and yet to be snatching the happy occasion to make another bargain with Mr. John Murray. . . .

The insolent taunts continue for a page. They were more just than much that Lockhart had written; but they were also more dangerous. Almost at once we see him realising that he has overreached himself. He spends agonising weeks hoping that he will not be found out. He scrawls in distraction to Croker: "I have written to Murray to deny the letter. No, I have not written Murray, I trust everything to you." The scorpion is in a panic. It is a disagreeable sight.

We need not be surprised that Lockhart made his Sophia an excellent husband. He was proud and sarcastic; he was shy and affectionate. Whatever deep self-distrust drove him to his excesses found assuagement in domesticity; and a buried goodness of heart and fineness of perception enabled him to recognise in the Laird of Abbotsford the most magnanimous of men. It is this aspect of his life that is happily stressed by Miss Lochhead in her pleasant biography.* Her book is not indeed fully critical. In the story of Lockhart's Latin prize, told on page 10, she follows Lang's *Life* of Lockhart where Lang is carelessly misquoting the earlier memoir by Gleig. She distresses herself needlessly in imagining a Keats "coughing his lungs into dissolution" at the time of the attack upon *Endymion*. She twice asserts Lockhart's "remorse" or "contrition" over the bludgeoning of Keats, but offers no authority. And the evidence appears in fact to be tenuous—no more than the memory of something unspecific said by Lockhart in conversation and transmitted to Lang by a Mr. Boyle—while as late as 1833 the writer of the *Quarterly's* disastrous attack upon Tennyson, whether he be Lockhart or Croker, goes out of his way to incorporate an ironical "palinode" on Keats which is as vile as anything the review ever achieved. With family chronicle Miss Lochhead is on surer ground, and it is right that considerable emphasis should fall here. Lockhart's most enduring achievement is primarily the product of a love and respect for Scott built upon the basis of domestic intimacy.

We may not indeed find the *Life of Scott* the absolute masterpiece that a more leisured age proclaimed it. The book is enormously long. Adoping the method introduced by Mason in his *Life of Gray* and triumphantly exploited by Boswell, Lockhart built into his structure a mass of epistolary and other documents of very unequal interest. Carlyle, although he wrote with animus, had at least superficial justification for asserting that here was not the picture of a man but the materials out of which a picture might be made. Lockhart is less deft than Boswell; he is also less reliable. Miss Lochhead insufficiently acknowledges Sir Herbert Grierson's exposure of the surprising extent to which the biographer held himself free to manipuate his materials and draw upon his imagination—the imagination, incidentally, of one who had been an unsuccessful novelist. Perhaps the most famous anecdote in the entire work—that of the hand spied through the lighted window in Castle Street writing ceaselessly through the night—is antedated by some years in order to associate it effectively with the finishing of *Waverley*. And it appears that Lockhart was prompted by a pious female correspondent to put into the mouth of Scott on his deathbed some sentences of religious exhortation which he did not speak. Nevertheless the *Life* remains a noble and loyal performance. Sometimes indeed it is over-loyal. In his dealings with the financial crash Lockhart exaggerates the failings of the Ballantynes and the culpability of Constable. In doing so he

* *John Gibson Lockhart*. By MARION LOCHHEAD. *Murray*. 25*s*.

obscures the paradox at the core of the Abbotsford tragedy. Scott, with his heart in other centuries, allowed himself to be swept to destruction upon the treacherous rocks of easy credit created by a new commercial age.

Lockhart's own later life was clouded by sorrows. His eldest son, born under the shadow of the fatal duel, died in 1831 at the age of ten after being long an invalid. Mrs. Lockhart died in 1837. Seven years later, prompted by Croker, Lockhart proposed to a Miss Mildmay. She appeared disposed to accept him but her relations were disconcerted and he left their house in bewilderment. Ten days later Miss Mildmay died, and Lockhart never again considered a second marriage. His younger son Walter was wayward, and having failed, in his father's rather grim words, to "merit a return of tenderness," died, in misery, although after a decent reconciliation, at Versailles in 1853. There was left a daughter, Charlotte, now heiress of the much encumbered property on the Tweed, who had followed her husband into the Roman Catholic Church in 1851. Not many years before, Lockhart had encouraged Croker to denounce the Tractarians as "willing to carry the bag and take the sop, and to participate in the Communion of the Anglican Church, as Judas did at the Last Supper." In 1854, rather suddenly broken in health, he retired to Catholic Abbotsford. With the curious persuasion of the British that Italy is essentially a country to be visited *in articulo mortis*, he had shortly before been to Rome. He brought back a medal of Pius IX and "sundry rosaries" for his grand-daughter, Mary Monica. The scorpion had become tolerant. In a few weeks he was dead.

J. I. M. STEWART

INMATES

Beneath our balcony, the poor
and grey-faced patients from the home next door
in threadbare dressing-gowns enjoy the sun,
reminding us of others we have known,
who, with one foot already in the grave,
smiled as they limped like these, but could not save
the family fortunes, nor reverse
the tragic logic of the family curse.

Dogged too by deeds and mortgages
and the same ineffectual wish to please,
we shudder at the nearness of the leap
down to the placid level where they creep,
their tactful cage of trim domestic hedge
part of that larger landscape on whose edge
the waterfalling river roars
rumours of utter ruin in our ears.

SAM HARRISON

A MIDNIGHT VISION

The moon avoids the night. The silent houses
Stretch out of sight along the edge of the lane.
Only one bedroom is lit up—and see!
Grotesque the creature on the window pane.

A monster's in that bedroom. Thick and yellow
The light pours onto the street. Its limbs are sprawling,
Silent, gigantic, waving enormous antennae.
In that room a woman sleeps. And this nightmare is crawling

Over the window. Horrible thoughts belabour
Sluggish imaginings into the gazer's mind.
Bedtime. In ghastly domestic silence my neighbour
Removes his braces, shadowed upon the blind.

LAURENCE D. LERNER

DON'T FORGET THE LITERATURE!

The Challenge of Socialism. Edited by HENRY PELLING. *Black.* 18s.

Mr. Pelling recently produced a striking book on the origins of the Labour party. He now adds to the subject by an anthology of Socialist writing in the series called The British Political Tradition. He has had a difficult task. The series is designed to show "the richness of British political thought and discussion in the past two centuries"; and previous volumes have traced radical or conservative ideas over this period. The ideas start rather simple and crude; and they become more complicated as time marches on. Histories of art or philosophy used to be written in the same way, with each painter or thinker improving on his predecessor. This is the doctrine of evolution as applied to the world of ideas—not bearing much relation to the way things happen, but irresistible to the children of the Darwinian age. Mr. Pelling has done his best to make Socialism work in the same way. We begin with Spence and Godwin; go on to Owen and the Chartists; and bow politely to the anti-capitalist writers whom Max Beer rediscovered thirty years ago. Socialism gets gradually into its stride, becoming richer and deeper with the passing years. The S.D.F., the Socialist League, the I.L.P. succeed one another; and we reach a triumphant conclusion, rather surprisingly, with a speech by Harry Pollitt. Human endeavour could go no further, at any rate so far as Socialism was concerned.

Mr. Pelling knows quite well that this method is not satisfactory. British Socialism did not "evolve." It appeared fully fledged in the eighteen-eighties. The so-called forerunners appeal only to historical curiosity. No Socialist knew anything about them at the time; and, as Mr. Pelling remarks, we might just as well dig out the Levellers or Thomas More. British Socialism had a certain international background, but no British background even unconsciously. Moreover it did not develop an existing traditional pattern. Socialism began as a challenge, not as a continuation; and Mr. Pelling admits this in his title. Even now the Labour party claims to threaten "the British way of life," though it does its best to preserve it. Mr. Pelling is not so clear on another point. British Socialism, unlike the Universe, had not only a beginning, but an end. It rested essentially on the prevailing outlook of late-Victorian England. It assumed, for instance, the perfectibility of man, as all radicals did; and it counted on the indefinite expansion of productivity, along with all the economists. Once admit that human wickedness and natural hardship are inevitable, and Socialism would have no sense. British Socialism was in fact the last flower of Victorian England; and ended therefore when Victorian England ended, that is, with the abandonment of the gold standard and free trade in 1931.

This is made clear by Mr. Pelling's choice of extracts though not by his introduction. The passages chosen from writings between 1880 and 1930 are all devoted to advocacy of Socialism. Sometimes they argue; sometimes they preach; sometimes they merely describe the delights of Socialism or lay down that it is inevitable. But they all take it for granted that Socialism is a simple arrangement to make and that its results are bound to be infinitely beneficent. The passages from writings between 1931 and 1950 bring a change of tune. They are questioning, not dogmatic. The writers have difficulty in deciding what Socialism is; still more in how it can be attained; and are even doubtful whether its attainment will do much good. Some of their difficulties are due in appearance to the challenge of Communism in its turn. Much Socialist writing of the last twenty years has been more concerned to explain that Socialism is not Communism than to explain what it is. But putting the blame on Communism is exactly how the Americans behave at the present time to conceal the fact that they cannot discover a policy of their own; and British Socialists did much the

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WARBURG

same. They would not have argued about Communism so much if they had been clear what Socialism meant.

There is another and more profound difference between classical Socialist writing and that of the last twenty years. Recent Socialist writing is academic, written by dons for dons or at most for university students and W.E.A. classes. The Left Book Club stocked the shelves of every undergraduate; and any economist who calls himself a Socialist is hard put to it to escape the House of Commons. The works that were sold on the "literature-stalls" of every Socialist meeting for half a century were of a very different character. The authors were usually not men with university degrees. They wrote clumsily. Even William Morris lapsed into polysyllabic sentences when he tried to explain the merits of Communism. Only Robert Blatchford was a writer of genius; and he, if alive today, would have found his home on the *Daily Mirror*, not in writing clever books. For classical Socialism was working-class Socialism—pamphlets written by working-men for working-men. Only Bernard Shaw belonged to traditional literary culture; and his contributions, with their brilliant remarks and polished sentences, seem detestably out of place, when set against the fumbling hard-headedness of Keir Hardie, "Elihu," and Bruce Glasier. It may be that a genuine working-class feeling and character has disappeared in this country, and that middle-class values (whatever they may be) have spread their rot to the very bottom of society. Hence working-class boys like to dress as Edwardian dudes. They read the *Tatler*, not the *Clarion*. If the Labour movement ever wanted to escape from its present bewilderments, it might do worse than go back to the real Socialist writers, who at least knew what Socialism was and even how to get it. For a start it might adopt the panacea of every classical Socialist writer and ensure that no one lives by owning. That simple slogan would tear the smug fabric of present-day politics apart. Clever writing is all very well. But it will be a good thing for the Labour movement when we hear again the cry which followed the singing of the Red Flag and closed every Socialist meeting: "don't forget the literature, comrades! don't forget the literature!"

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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THE BODLEY HEAD

GRIM AND DREARY RIDES AGAIN

Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover. By G. M. WILLIS. *Arthur Barker.* 35*s.*

In the autumn of 1832 *The Times* headed a leading article: "Grim and Dreary takes the field once more." Four young women crossing Barnes Bridge had been roughly jostled by a man on horseback; and it had been immediately assumed that this ugly customer must have been the Duke of Cumberland, King William IV's brother. Ernest Augustus denied that it was he, but who would believe him? At the time of the Reform Bill he was the most detested man in England; and there was a common belief that he was not only capable but guilty of every crime in the calendar. He would certainly think nothing of riding down four girls with a jeering laugh, and then denying it. His appearance, too, matched his fearful reputation: he looked like a foreigner, flaunted enormous whiskers and moustachios, had lost his left eye in the wars and bore an angry scar from a sabre cut on his cheek. Moreover, he was a perpetual menace, being the embodiment of that pantomime figure, the Wicked Uncle. If anything happened to little Princess Victoria, or if she were to die in childbed like Princess Charlotte before her, he would have to be King of England after William IV.

It is difficult from our present vantage point in history to realise what a hideous prospect terrified our ancestors. After the danger was passed with Queen Victoria's enthronement, and the bogy-man had vanished from the scene to rule over his German subjects, he was forgotten as quickly as possible like a bad dream. No one wished to be reminded of him. Mr. Willis is the first biographer to resuscitate this almost mythical monster and tell his life-story in full. It must have been a weary business, perusing all the archives at Windsor, in Hanover, in Upper Austria and at the Public Record Office, but Mr. Willis undertook it as a labour of love. For his strange purpose is to rehabilitate Ernest Augustus, as well as to revive him; and the reader of these 450 pages is presented with the portrait of a knight in shining armour, instead of that of a fiend incarnate, such as one might expect.

To justify the Duke of Cumberland's political views as an ultra-reactionary and die-hard believer in the divine right of kings is simple enough, provided one adopts Mr. Willis's standpoint that the passing of the Reform Bill was the greatest mistake in English history. Putting the clock back is a solace for all those who worship hereditary aristocracy and hate the power of the mob. But one is inclined to ask Mr. Willis, why put it back only 120 years? Why not another 140, while one is about it, to before the Act ensuring the Protestant Succession? And how would his Duke of Cumberland fare then? There were mobs in 1689, as well as in 1832; and the Hanoverians owed their throne to the will of those very people whom Mr. Willis affects to despise. Again, mob violence is indeed deplorable, but so is author's violence. "Nowhere in any of Europe's revolutions was there such widespread violence and destruction," as a description of the petty Bristol riots in 1832, carries exaggeration to the point of absurdity. In such wild statements Mr. Willis seems more inclined to impersonate old Grim and Dreary than portray him.

The account of Ernest Augustus's bitter campaigns against Catholic Emancipation, Reform and democracy (as King he abolished the liberal constitution of Hanover as soon as he mounted the throne) is vigorous, well documented and reliable. But with regard to the sinister mystery surrounding the Duke's private life Mr. Willis, for all his research, sheds no new light; indeed, he sometimes ignores information already available in the interests of his client's good name. What was the extraordinary hold Cumberland had over George IV? (The Duke of Wellington at one time thought it was his terrible sarcasm which frightened his brother, but that was the reason George chose to give.) Why did his father, George III, want him out of the country? Why did Queen Charlotte refuse to meet his wife? Did his love affair with Lady Graves drive Lord Graves to suicide? Did he try to rape Lady Lyndhurst for three hours on end? Was he guilty of incest with his sister, Princess Sophia, and was he the father of her illegitimate son? Why did Sellis try to murder him and then cut his own throat? These are some of the riddles which Regency enthusiasts expected Mr. Willis to solve in his book. He has failed us utterly. Scandal, as he blandly terms all such allegations, is relegated to a mere appendix, where it is melted down into the gossip of "cowardly Whigs" and discredited with a wave of the hand. In that case all the people were being fooled all the time, for no one in England has ever before believed Ernest Augustus to be the injured innocent Mr. Willis postulates.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

DEFOE

Defoe. By JAMES SUTHERLAND. *Longmans.* 2*s.*
Daniel Defoe. By BRIAN FITZGERALD. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

There are now too many books on Defoe; it is unavoidable that they should all say more or less the same thing. Some changes of emphasis can be made: it can be argued—as the two present writers do not—that his narrowness of mind, his total preoccupation with self-interest and the practical, his lack of sensibility to the arts, nature or the finer emotions of people—confine him to the category of the brilliant Cheap Jack in English literature. That will simply enhance the prolific pamphleteer and observer at the expense of the artist. We are still left with the citizen-writer, and this is a type (it has been felt) that the last twenty or thirty years have particularly called for and which we have not produced. We have also turned to Defoe because he shows very precisely how early individualism and capitalism affected writing; he is the first product of the dispensation and we are the end; there is a resemblance in ends and beginnings. The difference is that he has a positive confidence and we have not. He does not doubt that his particular conception of right and wrong has an assured future. As a reporter, despite the impersonal style, he has a personal voice, whereas our reporters are neutral; as a documentary writer he is absorbed in human nature, whereas our documentary writers are not. None of his moral views has come down to him wrapped in the moral Cellophane of the official packers. Like his famous projects, they are his own. But the thing that really sets Defoe off from any contemporary reporter or documentary writer, in any medium, is that he is an artist. He creates facts. The practitioner of popular realism from the pamphlet on *The Shortest Way with Dissenters* down to *The Fortunate Mistress*, is a master of make-believe.

The best book to be done on Defoe in the last fifteen years is Professor Sutherland's *Life*, and the pamphlet he has now written for the British Council contains the essentials which he knows so well. It is an excellent, fair-minded essay. The fundamental qualities of Defoe's character are, as he says, courage, independence, restless energy within the frame of worldly Puritanism. He has little or no inner life; he knows more about right and wrong than he does about good and evil; he loves giving advice and, in his life, shows a lively gift for ignoring it; he is self-interested; he is all will, regards the world as a market place and thinks of the emotional life as a series of good or bad transactions. Twice bankrupt, he understands the psychology of profit-making. We know how Moll Flanders transacts her life not only with others, but with herself. Circum-

stance not passion, how the tradesman, the prostitute, the thief, the shipwrecked man domesticate themselves: that is his whole interest. This has been called a mean, trivial, insensitive and sometimes hypocritical preoccupation; but the people are transformed, as Professor Sutherland says, by two qualities: Defoe's own active genius and his own will to live. In many picaresque narratives we are aware of a lassitude, an underlying melancholy, an exhaustion which comes of believing in nothing but the changes of Fortune; in Defoe, the moral note, so often complained of, roots the story and indicates a spirit that is tenacious and volatile.

Defoe's gift lay, as Professor Sutherland says, in the ability to think himself into a situation and live in imagination the life of another person. It is a favourite device in his pamphlets, it is the making of his tales; it fitted him for the tergiversations of his career as a political journalist. He liked to pretend to be what he was not and, no doubt, he was not a very honest man. But the view that Defoe had his tongue in his cheek when he interpolated his moral reflections in *Moll Flanders* and *The Fortunate Mistress* is, as Professor Sutherland says, too simple. He is complex, not double-faced. The Puritan moralist is irresistibly attracted to temptation. Professor Sutherland says:

> The best reason for believing that he is never indifferent to the moral obliquity of his characters is the extent to which their stories fasten on our minds. If Defoe himself had not been so sharply aware of right and wrong, if he had not felt all the time he was writing *Moll Flanders* and *Roxana* that these women were breaking the moral law, that they were "wild outcasts of society," whose way of life was chaotic and unprofitable—if in fact he had not been shocked by what was going on—he would never have succeeded in holding our attention.

And what, after all, is the governing ambition of Moll Flanders herself? It is surely to be respectable; not a very lofty aim, but one which adds enormously to her reality as a character. Self-pity and self-abasement (Professor Sutherland says in his longer book) were probably the elements of what remnants of religion Defoe had. There is one other: not very pretty but universal in energetic characters—self justification.

Mr. Brian FitzGerald's full-length *Life* is a slapdash and repetitive affair, which lapses into an over-familiar style. "Poor little Defoe" (we read), "it was not that his parents were not kindly folk." After the Plague of London there was merriment, but "the fun and games did not last long." The central fact in Defoe's character, for Mr. FitzGerald, is the conflict between his Puritan morality and his sexual desires ("genius is usually over-sexed"); *Moll Flanders* betrays his sexual obsession. He notoriously kept an "oyster-wench" as a mistress and had an illegitimate son. Now we may agree with this biographer that Defoe was a lapsed character who married for money and stayed at home remarkably little, but the tale of the "oyster-wench" and the child is no more than gossip, and we have no information about his sexual life at all—except that he disapproved (in old age) of uxoriousness in marriage. It is idle to foist contemporary theories about the importance of sex upon figures of the past and especially when they give us no evidence. If *Moll Flanders* reveals anything it is Defoe's obsession with money, not with sex. Greater than either is his obsession with circumstance and fact. Apart from these assertions, Mr. FitzGerald follows the usual course. He is good about Defoe's political career and his pamphlets and about Defoe in the character of "the first liberal-minded man" of the long bourgeois reign. He ends by comparing Defoe with Wells, as a late example of the journalist-novelist—a seductive but surely unlucky idea.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Cecil Sharp's *English Folk Song*, which first appeared almost fifty years ago, has been reissued in a new edition revised by Maud Karpeles, with an appreciation by Ralph Vaughan Williams (Methuen, 21*s*.).

NO HONOUR AMONG THIEVES

The Ribbentrop Memoirs. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s*.

Dictators Face to Face. By DINO ALFIERI. *Elek.* 25*s*.

The Ribbentrop Memoirs and *Dictators Face to Face* should be read together. Alfieri, the author of the latter, was Italian Ambassador at Berlin from 1939 until the fall of Mussolini in 1943. So he has much to say about Hitler's Foreign Minister, and his lengthy *apologia pro vita sua* covers much the same topics as the Memoirs which Ribbentrop left uncompleted when he was hanged. The two men were much of a muchness, a pair of very good-looking, very vain and very stupid careerists, who achieved the responsibility without power which is the highest privilege of the totalitarian state. Alfieri was a young Fascist politician who rose via the Ministry of Corporations and the Ministry of Popular Culture to a seat on the Fascist Grand Council and the Italian Embassy in Berlin. Ribbentrop was a non-political business man, catapulted to the top by the accident that the crucial Hitler-Papen conversations in 1932 took place in his Dahlem villa and the Fuehrer took to his unknown host. Both Ribbentrop and Alfieri were ardent if subsidiary supporters of Axis aggression as long as it succeeded, and each in his Memoirs repeatedly claims to have given loyal service to his Leader and vainly sought to counteract the evil advisers around him. Their careers parted when they faced the prospect of an Axis defeat. Alfieri voted with the renegades at the meeting of the Fascist Grand Council which preceded Mussolini's dismissal. He is alive and has been exonerated by the present Italian regime from any complicity in the crimes of Fascism. Ribbentrop was hanged by the neck protesting his loyalty to Hitler. It was the decision to go down with the sinking ship which made him a war criminal.

Even without Mr. Bullock's rather ponderous Preface to remind us, we know Ribbentrop's defects. He was a real-life Malvolio—a humourless, competent snob, who had greatness thrust upon him and believed himself equal to the burden. He was not, as is often suggested, a parvenu, but the son of an able Prussian officer, who married into the aristocracy; and the young Ribbentrop was brought up at Metz to speak excellent French. He learnt English equally well when he spent one year in this country and four years in Canada and the U.S.A., only returning to Germany at the outbreak of the first world war. Invalided out of the Army with an Iron Cross, First Class, he obtained some diplomatic experience in Turkey. Then, in 1919, he married into the Henkel family and used his knowledge of languages to build up the export of German champagne, with great success. Had Hitler never come into his life, he would have remained one of the wealthiest and most insignificant snobs in Dahlem. Morally he was probably no worse than an American tycoon elevated to Cabinet rank by Presidential whim. But Ribbentrop had the bad luck to find favour with a bad man and to give him the uncritical loyalty which was his only qualification for a political career.

Memoirs composed without any reference books and in a death cell can hardly be factually reliable: they are interesting for what they reveal of the author. As might be expected, Ribbentrop's are full of all the Nazi fustian, and exhale that odious ambivalence which made it possible for him both to sign the pact with Russia and to blame the West for letting Bolsheviks into Europe. Yet, for all that, they are written with the dignity which unflinching loyalty to a lost cause confers even on fools and knaves. His was an evil faith: but at least he was faithful to the end.

This kind of faithfulness would seem silly to Alfieri. He is as cocksure now in retailing malicious gossip and putting the blame on others as he was in the days when he was Ciano's favourite—and just as unreliable. A man who can write about Flying Fortresses raiding Luebeck in 1941 is not to be relied on when he retails pages of verbatim conversation, in which

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he himself is always wise and far-sighted and other people blundering fools. Nevertheless, *Dictators Face to Face* does reveal a great deal about the relationship between the Nazi and Fascist leaders. To the traditional contempt of the German for the Italian and the traditional hatred of the Italian for the German was added the poisonous mistrust which the big and the little gangster feel for each other when they do a job together. Confidence was impossible because each felt entitled both to double-cross the other and to complain bitterly when he himself was double-crossed. Alfieri can still wax indignant at the memory of Hitler's failure to inform Mussolini in advance of his successive acts of aggression. Yet he can also complain sincerely because, when Mussolini invaded Albania without telling Hitler—and got licked—the Fuehrer dressed the Duce down before pulling him out of the mess. Between these thieves there was no honour, and Alfieri's attempt to make Fascist Italy the innocent victim of German brutality and himself the sturdy opponent of Ribbentrop's policy would be comic if it were not so distasteful. Reading Ribbentrop's and Alfieri's memoirs, it is difficult to decide which loathed the other more and which had better reason for that loathing.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE SCALE OF PRESTIGE

Social Mobility in Britain. Edited by D. V. GLASS. *Routledge.* 36*s.*

This most important book begins—for it represents only the first main findings of a very large investigation—to fill a considerable gap in our social knowledge. The aim of the research upon which it is based was to discover the extent to which people move up or down the social ladder, or remain stationary upon it. In order to do this, it was first necessary to discover objectively what upward or downward motion might mean, and preliminary study revealed that there was sufficient agreement on the social grading of various types of occupation to justify "the construction of a series of broad groups constituting a scale of prestige." The next part of the investigation consisted in obtaining from 10,000 randomly selected adults, life-histories revealing mobility between the generations, and the relationship between mobility and such facts as marriage and education.

There can be nothing but praise for the skill with which the analysis of this information has been carried out. But of course this is a research progress report, and as such tentative, particularly concerning the methods used, and technical to the point of unintelligibility to the lay reader. On the other hand, the social implications of this work and of the volumes which, it is to be hoped, will follow it, are enormous.

One such implication, which recurs constantly throughout the book, is that education has more effect upon social mobility than anything else. Even before the 1944 Act, educational opportunities were very considerable. Now they are infinitely greater, and though the mobility intrinsic to the new system is still incomplete, within a couple of generations there may be "perfect mobility" except for the few attending fee-paying schools—if there are any left. But what will happen then? What will equal opportunity really mean?

> The working out of the Act through the threefold system of grammar, technical and modern secondary schools will by no means minimise the disadvantages of the new unstable relationships between successive generations. On the contrary, the more efficient the selection procedure, the more evident those disadvantages are likely to become. Outside of the public schools, it will be the grammar schools which will furnish the new *élite*, an *élite* apparently much less assailable because it is selected for "measured intelligence." The selection process will tend to reinforce the prestige of occupations already high in social status and to divide the population into streams which many may come to regard—indeed, already regard—as distinct as sheep and goats. Not to have been to a grammar school will be a more serious disqualification than in the past, when social inequality in the educational system was known to exist. And the feeling of resentment may be more rather than less acute just because the individual concerned realises that there is some validity in the selection process which has kept him out of a grammar school. In this respect, apparent justice may be more difficult to bear than injustice.

If this passage by Professor Glass is correct, it lends strength to his complaint that "lack of adequate social research did not prevent the passing of the 1944 Education Act, which, so far as social stratification is concerned, is probably the most important measure of the last half-century. Equally characteristically, no provision was made to ascertain the social consequences of this great expansion of educational opportunity." It is, of course, true that social research cannot determine policy. The sociologist as such is not entitled to say that one form of society is better or worse than another, for value-judgments are outside the realm of empirical inquiry. But given policies founded on principles of religion, ethics, or social philosophy, the sociologist's job is to show the possible and actual effect of the measures employed to implement them. The educational dilemma is that the desire to produce a more "open" society may simply end in one which, while flexible so far as individuals are concerned, is just as rigidly stratified on an I.Q. basis as it was once by birth.

But this issue, grave as it is, conceals an even more cogent problem. In primitive society the place of the individual is clearly defined by beliefs and traditions in which moral, spiritual and social precepts are inseparably interwoven. He knows precisely where he is, and though ill, hungry or in peril of his life, he lacks the deep inner uncertainty which bedevils our own civilisation. At the same time, he is so deeply involved with a highly integrated form of social life that intellectual, scientific or artistic innovation is literally unthinkable. He has emotional security, but no freedom. For us, however, the picture is reversed. We have struggled out of the close-knit and restrictive pattern of primitive life and have released our creative faculties from the embrace of taboo. But by the same token that we have gained mobility we have lost security. What is the purpose of life, what are we here for, how do we fit in, what is right and what is wrong?—We no longer know. It is, of course, hard to tell how far anxieties of this sort have increased, but some indication is given by the figures for stomach ulcers, which are more clearly connected with nervous tension than any other physical illness. During the first fifteen months of World War I, 709 men were discharged from the army for gastritis *and* peptic ulcer, while during the first twenty-seven months of World War II there were 23,574 discharges on grounds of peptic ulcer alone. Differences in diagnosis and policy concerning these cases were not sufficiently great to make any appreciable difference to this staggering discrepancy.

Moreover, anxiety does not only produce a digestive disturbance, but may create a frame of mind in which we revert to a primitive pattern of seeking security in taboo. However, these are not the socially operative taboos of savage society, but the inner sanctions of neurosis which serve no communal purpose and merely isolate us from our fellows, damaging the democratic society which paradoxically produced them.

Education, by contributing to social mobility, may also contribute to the anxious stresses affecting us all. But here I must pause. What, after all, is most important, stability or movement, anxiety or liberty; the uncertainties of knowledge or the sureness of ignorance? Having experienced the unfreedom of more primitive communities, I would not trade it for the creative possibilities of our own, and I believe that these may eventually lead to a new security based upon understanding and compassion, rather than blind acceptance. And here education must play its vital part.

The transition stage, however, is unspeakably dangerous. Professor Glass and his colleagues have earned our gratitude by revealing facts which could enable us to protect the things we believe in from the chain-reaction they have themselves set off.

ADAM CURLE

NEW NOVELS

The Narrows. By ANN PETRY. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Key that Rusts. By ISOBEL ENGLISH. *André Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Spare the Rod. By MICHAEL CROFT. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is time that novelists were entirely forbidden to use flashbacks unless they could produce some thundering good objection to telling their story straight. The thing is a serious nuisance. Readers who have dived hopefully into the middle of a subject are suddenly dragged out again to wait, drying uncomfortably, while cartloads of reminiscence provide the groundwork without which, it seems, they should never have started at all. *The Narrows* is so hampered by this technique that for the first three chapters I thought it was a really bad novel, whereas perseverance shows that it is rather a good one. It is by a Negro woman, and is about life in the coloured quarter of a sizable town in Connecticut. Though the characters are numerous, the story is straightforward enough, because our attention is duly concentrated on a single figure, not slopped around in a Town Survey. But the formal narrative begins very near its climax, and all the early history has to be put in in long reminiscent soliloquies. Thus, at the very opening of the book:

> Abbie Crunch began to walk slowly as she turned into Dumble Street . . . trying not to look at the river; because she knew that once she saw it with the sun shining on it she would begin to think about Link, to worry about Link, to remember Link as a little boy. A little boy? Yes, a little boy. Diving from the dock. Swimming in the river.

Then two-and-a-half pages on Link's early history. This reminiscing becomes such a habit with them all that in the middle of the book, when the same old lady is appalled to find Link in bed with a white woman, she spends a page and a half telling herself about the accident by which she happened, that morning, to put some of her own bridal linen on his bed.

The trouble with this sort of thing is not just that it slows down the story—some things *are* more important than a story—but that it slows it down for no artistic purpose at all, for a barren convention which decrees that the fountain of fictional life is the Stream of Consciousness. Nothing is to be told except as it appeared to somebody. We must no longer start by saying plainly how about thirty years ago, Miss Maria Ward of Huntingdon, with only £7,000, had the good luck to captivate Sir Thomas Bertram. The

PERSPECTIVES 8

Edited by F. W. DUPEE

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standard viewpoint, the objective time-sequence would show us up immediately as *vieux jeu*. Very good; some people like it that way. But Mrs. Petry is far from being a stream-of-consciousness writer. It is rather as though Dickens should try to imitate Virginia Woolf. She entirely lacks that painter-like gift for conveying the qualities of different people's experiences. In recompense, she is a first-rate story-teller. And so the reminiscences spin themselves out all over the place, quite unlike private reverie, into little stories which would be perfectly shaped bits of the main story if only one could move them back into their place and translate them out of the pluperfect into some relatively civilised tense. In spite of all this, the book is rich, energetic and lively, and without nagging or hysterics conveys excellently a variety of Negro points of view:

> "He come in here with my order, and before he gets the meat put down on the table good he wants to know what do I think of Paul Robeson. So I made him happy, I said I thought he ought to hightail it back to Russia where he come from, and that softened him up, and I waited awhile and I gave him a cup of coffee, and then I says, The reason he oughtta have stayed in Russia, mister, is because over there if he talked about the changes he wanted made, why he'd get hisself shot full of holes but . . . the whafolks wouldn't waste their time running to all the coloured folks they see asking them about it."

The only dull and unconvincing character is the white girl whom the hero loves. Had Mrs. Petry told her story straight, she would, I am sure, have been able to see and partly remedy this weakness.

The Key that Rusts, though it also suffers from a little flashback trouble, is an extraordinarily intelligent novel. Reading it I was shaken to realise how much of the average book is automatic writing—not exactly cliché but somnolent. This novel concerns a disastrous love-affair and is narrated by the step-sister of the man involved. But to say that suggests the conventional narrator. No, here is something more original. The narrator is the central character, and the book is, I think, about other-people's-love-affairs; about what one's own life is like when two of one's friends fall in love. I have never known this process of being entertained, committed, worried, confided in and generally shaken from one's foundations properly conveyed in fiction before. The point is, of course, that the distinction between one's own troubles and other people's is an artificial one. Bumping together like little boats, those of us who are not enclosed in some ponderous barge like a family are in no position to ignore changes in tension among our neighbours. We are flung to and fro, helplessly trying to find the source of the disturbance and allay it. Edna, Sam's wife, has just invited Mary to come and stay with them:

> After she had delivered her news, Mary seemed much more cheerful, as if the burden of responsibility was no longer hers. She sat back in the chair easily and spoke without wisdom: "I think Edna understands about Sam and me, don't you?" she said. "I mean she realises that she can't monopolise him, and that I have as much right to him as she has."
>
> I looked blankly at Ferdy for some indication of what we could say next: his mouth had closed into an unexpressive slit, his eyes were cold and he said nothing. For the second time in the evening I flung myself into the arena like a footballer who does not know which side he is on. I talked foolishly and fast, and it was only hours later when I was alone that I realised that there is very little else that one can do in the face of unashamed rapacity except to throw yet another log onto the greedily licking flames.

They do their best; nobody could do more, yet all they can really do is to tell us about it, and not all about it either, but what one in fact finds out on these occasions; viz., how vast and mysterious and alarming it all is. (Perhaps after all there *was* some point in a Greek Chorus.)

Spare the Rod has none of these complicated drawbacks. It is a good, honest account of an ex-Service man's first term as a teacher in an elementary school in a slum district. It conveys this man's experiences very well and without affectation. On the other hand it stops entirely short of any understanding of his colleagues ("To demand reasons for Mr. Gubb's action would be to seek entrance to the troubled depths of his consciousness" . . .) though it spends quite a lot of time patronising them, and it has a *most* bogus happy ending in which a Father-Figure-Inspector expresses his approval of the hero and moves him to a less depressing school. Childishness is terribly infectious; that is what makes teaching such a demoralising business.

MARY SCRUTTON

LIFE ON EARTH AND MARS

The Green and Red Planet. By HUBERTUS STRUGHOLD. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 7s. 6d.

New Biology No. 16. *Penguin Books.* 2s.

When men land on Mars they will find it only dimly lit by the distant sun; there will be little or no oxygen; the nights will be intensely cold; and, probably, they will find no living things more complex than lichens or mosses. It is not an attractive prospect. Dr. Strughold is a German physiologist who since the war has worked for the U.S. Air Force on problems of space flight. His treatment of conditions on the red planet is therefore that of a biologist rather than an astronomer. The starting point is the biochemistry of terrestrial life: if living things of the kinds known to us are maintaining themselves on Mars, what sort of bodily organisation could they have, given the conditions known to exist on the planet's surface?

Dr. Strughold examines, systematically and rather ponderously, the possibilities offered by these conditions to vertebrates of various kinds, and to the main groups of terrestrial plants, excluding fungi. The prime obstacle to animal life is the lack of oxygen: the atmosphere of Mars at "sea level" resembles that of the earth at an altitude of over ten miles—around twice that of Mount Everest. Temperatures during the day, at the equator at least, are tolerable, but at night they would probably preclude biological activity: the Martian organisms probably have to suspend metabolism after sundown. The existence of "intelligent" beings, or even of warm-blooded animals, on Mars can be ruled out. Dr. Strughold's major omission is in failing to allow for evolution: he writes of quite complex plants, such as lichens (which are symbiotic associations of an alga and a fungus) as if they were primitive, and he gives no thought to their descent from single-celled ancestors. He does however suggest that there are bacteria (which he oddly calls animals) on Mars.

Fortunately we need not doubt that, despite all this, followers of Edgar Rice Burroughs and C. S. Lewis will continue to turn out Martian fantasies, unabashed. Meanwhile, for scientific purposes, Dr. Strughold urges the foundation of a research laboratory, for the study of space biology. Actually, such a laboratory already exists—the Institute of Astrobotany at Alma Ata; and the latest number of *New Biology* contains a note on work done there, which tends to confirm that there are plants of a cold-resistant type on Mars. If this is so, how did they get there? Have living things appeared independently on the two neighbouring planets?

Nearly half of *New Biology* is devoted to articles on the origins of living things. Despite a certain amount of what Dr. Pirie calls "reciprocal badinage", the distinguished contributors agree on fundamentals. The subject is difficult, and probably the general reader (and the scientist too) will find Professor Haldane's characteristically brilliant article on *The Origins of Life* the most rewarding. He does not exclude the possibility that "Life has no origin. Matter and life have always existed. When stars become inhabitable, they are colonised by 'seeds' of life from interstellar space, perhaps spores of bacteria or simple plants." He suggests that the first men on the moon should look for "astroplankton", or spores of living matter, from part of the moon's surface which is never exposed to sunlight. But most discussions of the subject are in terms of a gradual building-up of organic materials from inorganic, and of self-maintaining, metabolising and self-reproducing systems from complex organic mixtures. Professor Bernal discusses possible mechanisms in relation to recent hypotheses on the origin of the planets, and points out that speculation on the origin of life can now help to stimulate research in several fields, notably the chemical nature of living systems. Dr. Pirie contributes a provocative essay *On Making and Recognising Life*, and Dr. Pringle discusses the subject in the framework of the doctrine of organic evolution. Both Dr. Strughold and *New Biology* show that, given the right presentation, space fact can be as absorbing as space fiction.

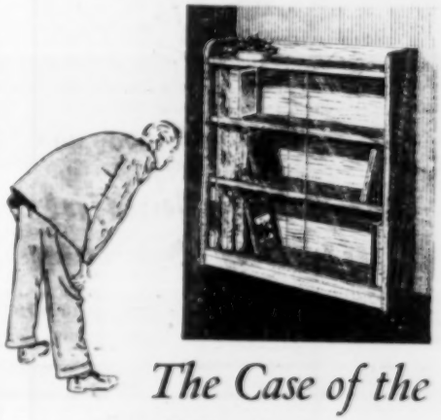
ANTHONY BARNETT

NEWS FROM ANTARCTICA

The White Desert. By JOHN GIAEVER. *Chatto & Windus.* 25s.

The writings of Cook, Ross, Scott, Shackleton, and Mawson have stood the test of time, partly because they have a stirring and dramatic tale to unfold and partly because they tell it in simple, direct English. Very rarely, a polar expedition's history has been told with such literary skill and power that, like Cherry-Garrard's *Worst Journey in the World*, it has become a classic in its own right. In judging the value of more recent narratives by such a work the critic sets a standard which, sad to say, few polar travellers have attained.

John Giaever's account of the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic Expedition of 1949-52 has now been translated from the Norwegian. As its title implies, the expedition was a joint international enterprise financed by all three countries to undertake an agreed programme of scientific research. The members, who were recruited from Norway, Sweden, the United Kingdom, Canada and Australia, formed a



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cosmopolitan little society which Giaever describes with shrewd and impartial humour. That the expedition made a significant contribution to our knowledge of the antarctic regions is beyond doubt, but it is disappointing to find that Giaever's account does not say more clearly and concisely what it was. The devotion of nearly one-third of the book to four appendices containing matter which should properly have been incorporated in the main narrative leaves the reader with a muddled impression of events. The history of the expedition can hardly be said to have been stirring or dramatic: its efforts were directed at scientific investigation rather than geographical discovery. Most readers will agree that the frequent quotations of trite conversations between members of the expedition and the indiscriminate labelling of each individual with nickname, Christian name, or, when we are lucky, with surname, is not what one expects to find in an official history. On the other hand it is encouraging to see that an effort has been made to adopt local official forms of place-names, even when these may seem at first to be a little outlandish to readers. The narrative is, however, unsatisfactory in other ways. Interest is occasionally aroused, only to be dashed, by unexpected allusions in the text. Why, for example, are we not told exactly what were the glaring frauds perpetrated by the German politicians in connexion with the *Schwabenland* expedition of 1938-39? Why, finally, is there no index?

Against all this there can be set the occasional high-light which makes the book worth reading: the perilous transfer of the expedition's stores in mid-ocean from the great whale factory ship *Thorshovdi* to the bobbing little sealing vessel *Norsel*; the critical operation to remove the damaged eye of one member of the expedition by the doctor and his untrained assistants; and the accident in which three members of the expedition were drowned. Hallgren's account of the sudden plunge of their vehicle over the ice front into the sea, and of Corporal Quar's brief "good-bye, Knalle" to his Swedish friend Ekström just before they were both sucked down under the ice by the current, is exceptionally moving.

J. D. M. BLYTH

SHORTER REVIEWS

Colour Bar. By LEARIE CONSTANTINE. *Stanley Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is not a scientific account of racial prejudice, but a cogent and emotional appeal to the White conscience. Mr. Constantine has himself suffered from the colour bar, but it is a tribute to his greatness as a man that there are no personal reproaches, but detachment about himself only lends force to his denunciation of complacency and injustice. At times he goes too far. It is not really true that the policy of the Colonial Office is to "let sleeping dogs lie till they arise and bite, then shoot them," nor does he do justice to official Gold Coast policy. But an occasional mis-hit does not really mar a sparkling innings.

Mr. Constantine takes as his text the Declaration of Human Rights and then contrasts the ideal with the practice in different countries of the world, in sport, business, politics, science and the arts. It is a sorry tale, and though the White world may wriggle out of some accusations, the whole picture is sombre and sulphurous. We have, of course, to contend with years of ignorance and pride in White superiority, and perhaps these are on the wane. But psychological research shows that an even more dangerous source of prejudice is to be found in the deep-seated need for a scape-goat when things go wrong. We find it hard to tolerate the results of our own folly and look around for someone else to blame. The Jews filled this position admirably in Europe, but in some parts of the world, a Negro is almost as good. When anxiety and stress rise in the White population, then it is time for their Black minorities to look out.

Mr. Constantine's writing has the punch and fire of his cricket, and if his book sometimes lacks the accuracy of his throw-in, it is nevertheless a powerful, moving and most timely document.

The Art of Coarse Cricket. By SPIKE HUGHES. *Museum Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Spike Hughes first flashed on us in the eclectic jazz years of Constant Lambert, who also in the "Gramophone Notes" of this journal gave a composer's blessing to Ellington; and for many a long month "Donegal Cradle Song" and the promise of Mr. Hughes's Christian name would make a music-lover prick up his ears, a dance-fiend begin to tremble. These hopes, as Mr. Hughes sailed on brightly into journalism and radio, were never perhaps satisfyingly fulfilled; but the touch of magic remained, and in the autobiography which he published a couple of years ago there were inspired notes: especially those plucked from a discarded double bass in a Pimlico bed-sitter. Horribly painful to the fingers has been Mr. Hughes's road to success.

Hardly less painful at moments may have been the apprenticeship in another field, that of cricket. The early years, here, the discomforts, the hard-won aptitudes are passed over: Mr. Hughes bursts on his admirers as a full captain. He leads, nurses, and goads one of those nomad sides that set out from London on Saturdays and Sundays. They never arrive—seven men and a boy—till the pubs have closed; and whatever the state of the game it will end at opening time. What are bumpy pitches to them, slow bowlers with the sun behind, local umpires, pads without straps, wet seasons, fieldsmen behind cows or obscured under trees? They know all the tricks, and have ventured as far as Scotland, if not Wales on a Sunday. "Coarse Cricket" is Mr. Hughes's definitive word for all this, and by keeping strictly to fact he manages to be outrageously funny. It is quite *true* that mid-off should be middle-aged, unable to get out of the way in time and too proud to admit how he suffers: we have always known this instinctively, but Mr. Hughes comes plump out with it. All cricketers, coarse or refined will enjoy his candour; while for a general or transatlantic reader no book could provide a more insidiously revealing approach to the British character.

The Oxford Economic Atlas. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The Clarendon Press is to be congratulated on the production of a quite admirable economic atlas of the world. Clear and well-arranged maps give a world pattern of the production of, and trade in, every important commodity, ranging from abaca to zinc. The detailed production and trade figures, on which the maps are based, are given in a supplementary index. The maps themselves are supplemented by coloured diagrams showing imports, exports and percentage distribution of trade among relevant countries. Accompanying the pictorial data for each commodity, there are brief but adequately informative "notes for students" compiled by the Intelligence Unit of the *Economist*. Giving, as it does, in handy and graphic form a picture of the economic world in mid-twentieth century, this book is indispensable as a work of reference.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,277

Set by Richard Lister

"Never before has life in the English countryside been so Russian as in this dismal summer," someone remarked the other day. The usual prizes are offered for the first 200 words of a novel set in the English countryside in August, 1954. Entries by August 24.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,274

Set by Allan M. Laing

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit one premature epitaph written by Patience Strong on T. S. Eliot; or T. S. Eliot on Alfred Noyes; or Alfred Noyes on W. H. Auden; or W. H. Auden on Ogden Nash; or Ogden Nash on Patience Strong.

Report by Allan M. Laing

The circle, so far from being vicious, was found so irresistibly virtuous by one competitor that he entered all five epitaphs—and very good ones, too. Most obituarists, however, were more economical of their efforts. Nash on Strong was the favourite and accounted for a solid 44 per cent. of the total. This seems to imply that Auden and Noyes are either less familiar to *N.S.* readers, or more difficult to imitate. Nevertheless, a good Auden on Nash came from W. P. B., and a good Noyes on Auden from T. E. Caton, while James B. Hawkins's Eliot on Noyes might have been a winner had Mr. Hawkins not exceeded the limit by eight lines.

The Ogden Nashes were the most amusing, and I regretted having to turn down, without even space to quote, the epitaphs sent in by Leslie Johnson, Edward Blishen, Pat Bullen and Leny (?) Cornish. The Patience Strongs were, for the most part, uncharacteristic and credited her with a more extended acquaintance with Mr. Eliot's poetry than I think is at all likely.

I suggest two guineas to Elaine Morgan, one guinea each to D. R. Peddy and Ronald Lambton, and half-a-guinea each to D. H., G. J. Blundell, Nancy Gunter and "Hilary". Runners-up were J. P. Mullarky, J. P. Stevenson, A. M. Sayers and Roger Till.

OGDEN NASH ON PATIENCE STRONG

While I personally can't see that a simile or metaphor
Is any the better for
Being printed in a square and illuminated with blue-birds and Canterbury bells—
That's a thing that all creative writers must decide for themsells.
And I hasten right here at this verse's inception to
State that Miss Strong's philosophy is such as neither you nor I nor anyone else can take exception to;
There are probably happy couples this very minute murmuring, "It was Patience

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Whose timely counsel healed the rift in our domestic
relatience."
But to me her genius lay in this: in founding a coterie
Of poets who lay their lines end to end so that folks
who are easily scared need never suspect it's
poterie.

ELAINE MORGAN

Here lies Miss Strong who, like Miss Partridge and
Miss Stitch,
Grew ritch
By writing, albeit with a certain degree of triteness,
Rhyming prose saturated with sweetness and liteness.
She was usually found in Quiet Corners, squeezed
in between various
Hints on romantic, sartorial and culinary matters,
and on how to proceed if born under Sagittarious,
Or cropping up innsome
Spot alongside which Godfrey was habitually
Winnsome.
Those such as comprise Mrs. Dale's public, to whom
she was philosopher,
Will feel most keenly the losopher.

D. R. PEDDY

W. H. AUDEN ON OGDEN NASH

Not for him the weeping, the naked cry in the night.
No perilous search of the heart; he never would come
to grief.
But laughed. In his sawdust ring a master, safely
disguised,
Cracking his troupe of words through the clever
amusing hoops,
He winked at an anxious world. For both it was
such a relief.

RONALD LAMBTON

PATIENCE STRONG ON T. S. ELIOT

When walking in my garden ways, I paused to hear a Robin's praise. The sky is blue and God is good, and kindly friends provide my food. O foolish man!—why mourn and fear? Lands are not waste, but full of cheer. Our end's not whimpering nor bang, but God's kind arms, the Robin sang.

D. H.

He made the waste land bloom with his rare flowers, and even profited from cocktail hours to point a moral, he who had been wont to draw his truths from some cathedral font. Nor did he scorn the humble, harmless tabby. How fit that he should rest in our great Abbey!

G. J. BLUNDELL

Dear Fellow-Poet, though your pen told oft of knife-twists, drains, drowned men, damp souls of housemaids, crippled legs, cold, jaundiced frogs, stale cooking eggs and suchlike things, your brighter muse more cheerful themes did not refuse, and sang of teacups, bird-song, chat;—we will remember you by that.

NANCY GUNTER

A SONG FOR ALFRED

Lord, thy lilac is fading in the Public Parks and
The trumpet sounds no more at dawn in Sherwood:
We'll to the woods no more, having no more occasion,
For the flowers are faded in the gardens.

Je n'oublierai jamais les lilas ni les roses
(They called me the lilac boy. But this is cactus land.)
Ni ceux que le printemps dans ses plis a gardé—
But the flowers are all faded; we'll to the woods no more.

Lord, may thy servant find the lilac springing
In Death's other kingdom (It isn't far from London!).

"HILARY"

CHESS: Grandmasterly Ending
No. 254

Here are some more gleanings from the recent Anglo-Soviet match: a most instructive and far from easy pawn-ending which young Leonard Barden, a P down, had to defend against Taimanov. This was the position in which Barden had to think hard whether or not to indulge in P-R5. He decided against it, and wisely so, as can be seen from the interesting analysis he kindly provided for us on the strength of his own *post mortem* with his illustrious opponent. But, first of all, let us see how the game was actually concluded.

(1)	K-K4	(6) K-B2	K-Q5
(2) P-R4	K-Q5	(7) P-KKt4	PxP e.p.
(3) K-Q2	K-K4	(8) KxP	K-K4
(4) K-Q3	K-B4	(9) K-Kt2!	K-Q5
(5) K-K2	K-K4	(10) P-B4	resigns

Obviously (10) — K-K5 is no good against (11) K-Kt3, K-B4 (12) K-B3. Here is the interesting variation that would have arisen out of Black's alternative 9th move.

(9)	K-B4	(13) K-K3	K-B4
(10) K-B1!	K-K4	(14) P-B4	K-Kt5
(11) K-K2!	K-Q5	(15) K-K4	KxP
(12) K-Q2	K-K4	(16) K-B3 and wins	

Now why did Barden refrain from (1) .. P-R5? *Not* because he was afraid of K-B2 which may well have given him a draw like this:

(2) K-B2?	P-R6	(8) K-Q2	KxP
(3) P-KKt4	PxP e.p. ch.	(9) K-B2	K-R8
(4) KxP	K-K4	(10) P-B5	P-R7
(5) K-B2	K-Q5	(11) P-B6	P-Kt4
(6) P-B4	K-B6	(12) PxP	P-B5
(7) K-K3	K-Kt7	(13) P-Kt4	P-B6

But Barden knew well enough that (1) — P-R5 was hopeless and would be refuted by

(2) PxP!	K-K3	(7) P-R5	PxP
(3) K-Q3	K-B4	(8) K-R4	K-Q5
(4) K-B2! (K-B3?)	K-K4	(9) K-Kt5	P-R5
(5) K-B3	K-B4	(10) P-R3! and wins	
(6) K-Kt3	K-K4		

There is a good deal more in this innocent looking endgame, but alas, we haven't the space.

For this week's 4-pointer, naturally, I picked another Taimanov; a game position which (playing White) he brought to a most elegant conclusion. How? **B**—White to draw—is a neat little study by one of our other recent guests, not too difficult for 6 ladder-points. **C** is also a draw and not too difficult either for 7 points.

A: Taimanov 1950

B: Paul Keres 1933

C: A. D. Herbstmann & E. Umnov 1929

Usual prizes. Entries by August 23.

REPORT ON COMPETITION
No. 251. Set July 24

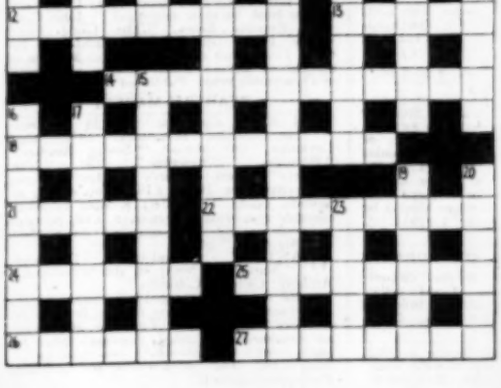
A: (1) . . . Kt-Q2? (2) B-R6!
B: (1) K-Kt4, P-K6. (2) R-R3, P-K7. (3) R-R1, R-B8. (4) R-R2 if (3) . . . K-Kt7, (4) R-K1.
C: (1) P-K7, P-Kt5 ch. (2) K-Kt3, P-R5 ch. (3) K-R2, P-Kt6 ch. (4) K-R3, Kt-Kt4 ch. (5) Kt x Kt, Q x Kt. (6) Kt-B6!, Q-K7. (7) Kt-K5!, Q-R4. (8) Kt-Kt6!, etc.
if (6) . . . Q x Kt. (7) P-Kt8 = Q ch, K x Q. (8) P queens ch, etc.

Quite a few competitors stumped by C. Prizes shared by E. Allan, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. B. Cock, A. E. Harris.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 113

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 113, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 24.



ACROSS

1. Two actions useful when travelling (8).
5. Organised the detectives although the scent was bad? (6).
9. His is a local authority (8).
10. Sleeping fish? (6).
12. Disease which destroys pride about the family line (9).
13. They are found on the farm and sound like one close to the tiller (5).
14. Cap for a food vessel (12).
18. North-country customs in outdoor clothing (12).
21. Filthy, although nearly all white (5).
22. The supporter to give the story in a stamped addressed envelope (9).
24. The idea of getting it back in time (6).
25. Noisy equipment with inside information (8).
26. Give assistance to someone who is moving (6).
27. Two nincompoops elected! It's enough to make a murderer (8).

DOWN

1. Cold food for union boys (6).
2. A crime, relatively speaking (6).
3. This boat's wreckage is seen in the ocean (5).
4. Race having a great inclination to go in pursuit after the French (12).
6. A battle in which the Adjutant-General is up for trial (9).
7. The legal competence to make a town international? (8).
8. Upside down in the fish father looks ridiculous (8).
11. Are they fly enough to hold liquor at the nineteenth? (12).
15. The next thing after the bees' wedding? (9).
16. Freebooters with their ship on the shifting sand (8).
17. "The spouseless —— mourns her lord" (Byron) (8).
19. "The rugged —— poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves" (Macaulay) (6).
20. Estate which seems fit for an earl (6).
23. The necessary girl for blind allegiance (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 111

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 111

E. Bernal (Chelmsford), Mrs. E. Kenworthy (Nairobi), H. Bradley (Burnley).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited from medical graduates below the age of 35 with post-graduate experience in Bacteriology, for the position of Deputy Assistant Director of the Public Health Bacteriological Laboratory, which is incorporated in the Department of Bacteriology of this University. The duties include supervision of graduate and technical staff in diagnostic Public Health Bacteriological service, some administrative responsibilities connected with the service, teaching and research. The position offers further advancement if the appointee is of outstanding merit. Salary range £A1,600 to £A2,150 per annum with superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is September 30, 1954.

WOLVERHAMPTON and Staffordshire Technical College. Principal: C. L. Old, B.Sc. (Eng.), M.Sc. (Tech.) Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Studies (including Government) in the Department of Commerce and General Studies. The work will include lecturing in technical, professional and degree courses. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Technical Report Grade "B" Scale: £490 to £765 with allowances for degree, training and experience. Forms of application and further particulars from the undersigned by sending stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Completed applications should be submitted as early as possible and not later than fourteen days from the appearance of this advertisement. G. W. R. Lines, Clerk to the Joint Education Committee, Education Offices, North Street, Wolverhampton.

B.B.C. requires Home Sound Publicity Officer who will be responsible to Chief Publicity Officer Home for sound broadcasting publicity in directing work of Publicity Officers who prepare material for the Press. Work entails contact with Home Sound Directorate and heads of Sound broadcasting output departments concerning Sound broadcasting policy and preparation of publicity material. Good organising ability, knowledge of B.B.C. activities in Sound broadcasting field, journalistic experience (particularly ability to write well), and capacity to build and maintain good relations with Press and with Sound broadcasting staff are necessary qualifications. Salary £1,370 rising by five annual increments to £1,800 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "351 N.S.N.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified men and women for appointment as Social Worker to the Birmingham Public Health Department Psychiatric Social Service at a salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade III (£550×£15—£595 per annum). The work involves intensive case work with families in difficulties and/or individuals with mental health problems. The person appointed would specialise according to aptitude and experience. Minimum qualification Social Science Degree/Diploma and/or Mental Health Certificate. Experience in the field would be an advantage. Applications, giving full details of age, experience and qualifications to be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham, 3, not later than August 28, 1954.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals St. Francis and Hurstwood Park Hospitals Haywards Heath, Sussex. Clinical Psychologist, part-time, required. Four sessions per week, i.e. two whole days. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council scale. Only candidates with Honours Degree in Psychology and appropriate Post-Graduate training or experience are eligible. St. Francis Hospital is a Mental Hospital of approximately 1,000 beds. Hurstwood Park Hospital is a Unit of 50 beds 400 yards from the Mental Hospital accepting both Neurological and Psychiatric cases, staffed and equipped accordingly. A commencement will be made in the Autumn on the erection of a new hospital of 60 beds accepting acute psychiatric cases. The appointment is subject to review at the end of one year. Applications in writing with the names of three persons to whom ref. may be made should be sent to Secretary as soon as possible.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for the post of Resident Assistant Bursar (Woman) at Passfield Hall of Residence for 150 men Studeats. Salary £200-£240 per annum (starting salary according to age and experience). The post will be vacant at the beginning of September. Applications should be sent to the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Independent Television Authority invites applications for the post of Director General. Applications should be addressed to the Chairman, c/o Postmaster General, G.P.O., Headquarters, London, E.C.1.

PSYCHOTHERAPISTS (whole-time or part-time), reqd. by London County Council at child guidance clinics. Whole-time salary scale £910-£1,250, commencing salary according to experience. Part-time salary approx. £98 a year for each session a week. Applicants should possess an honours degree in psychology, or the Mental Health Certificate and undertaken specialised training in psychotherapy, including analysis with children. Application forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1/1012), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by Aug. 30.

VACANCY for physician in large psychiatric training hospital near American metropolis. Literacy and broad cultural background will influence appointment. Fulbright fellowship possibilities. Box 902, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y., U.S.A.

MINISTRY of Agriculture and Fisheries require an unestablished Research Assistant, preferably aged 21-30, for the Agricultural Land Service, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Duties involve investigation into problems of rural land economies, e.g., use, classification, equipment and tenure of rural land. Qualifications: degree in Agriculture, Geography, Geology or Economics with at least Second Class Honours or equivalent in subjects with no honours school. Farm or rural background essential, research experience an advantage. Salary scale (under revision) £417-£691 (men), £417-£560 (women), entry at lowest point. Forms from M.L.N.S. Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, S.W.1, quoting G.100/54A. Closing date August 28.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (whole-time, basic grade) required by London County Council at Brixton Child Guidance Unit. Salary for candidates holding the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) or the Certificate for Psychiatric Social Workers of the University of Manchester or Edinburgh, £470 (at age 27)—£560 plus London Weighting. Application form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Sept. 6.

SCHOOL Bursar required for Boys' Boarding School, Brighton. Male or female, age 28-40. Well educated, experienced bookkeeping, previous school experience not essential, but desirable. Knowledge of French and German an advantage. Apply, giving full particulars of experience and copies of at least 3 references, to Box 195.

PART-time youth leader required for Mixed Youth Club in West London. At present 3 nights a week during school terms, £120 p.a. Experience an advantage, but not essential. Apply Sanders, 117, Wendell Rd., W.12.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

TEACHERS of English. Two vacancies in Madrid, October, 1954. Teaching experience and Spanish an advantage. Write, giving full details, age, experience, to Box 233.

BIRMINGHAM, Kyrle Hall. Warden wanted immediately. To single man of initiative, training and experience, unusual opportunity offered with comfortable accommodation. Board and salary. Full particulars may be obtained from: The Warden, Kyrle Hall, Sheep St., Birmingham, 1.

SMALL progressive drama group in central London has openings for technical staff of all kinds. Box 177.

STAFF able to care for young healthy children required for Sarah Laski Children's Home. Congenial post. Apply Matron, 38 St. Mary's Road, Manchester, 8. CHEatham Hill 2058.

MOTHER'S help wanted, 3 children under 6. Hard work but excellent opportunity for companionable woman (25-40) to become one of family in happy & comf. home. Refs. essen. Lesser, 10 Kingsend, Ruislip, Middx.

WORKING housekeeper reqd. by prof. man with daughter 11. Occasional daily help. Ruislip, Midx. Commencing Aug. Box 121.

ADULT (Female) Pool Shorthand-Typist (Westminster district) required. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £7 10s. 6d. per week, rising to £8 10s. 6d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 9800.

SECRETARY sh./typist, 25-30, for Managing Director. Salary £425 with excellent prospects. Also temporary posts for sh./typists and c./typists 10-5, no Sats. Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Square GERrard 3249.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

PART-time secretary for editor of books, 5 mornings a week. Shorthand not essential. Write Box 194.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SUDAN Government. The Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture has vacancies for a Plant Physiologist and an Agronomist. Age limits 22-45. Applicants must have honours degrees. Appointment will be on Short-Term Contract with or without bonus for an indefinite period determinable at any time by six months' notice on either side provided that on or after April 1, 1955, the period of notice shall be three months and not six. Salary scale for S.T.C. (with bonus) ranges from £E.1075 to £E.1675 per annum and for S.T.C. (without bonus) from £E.1146 to £E.1786 per annum. Starting rate will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. After satisfactory completion of the contractual period candidate appointed on S.T.C. (with bonus) would be eligible for a bonus of one month's pay for each year of service subject to a maximum of six months' pay. A cost-of-living allowance which is reviewed quarterly is also payable. Outfit allowance of £E.50 and free passage on appointment. Annual leave after the first tour. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Further particulars and application form will be sent on receipt of a postcard only addressed to The Sudan Agency in London, Sudan House, Cleveland Row, St. James's, London, S.W.1, quoting the post applied for and name and address in block letters.

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires Cashier/Bookkeeper to commence Sept. 13, 1954. Salary from £8 5s. Particulars and application form from General Secretary, 8 Harley St., London, W.1.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Salary up to 9gns.

EXPD. secretary, able to work own initiative, small office manufrs. & exporters of educational and engineering lines. Closed Jewish holidays. Write Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7. Nr. Camden Town.

COMPETENT Shorthand-Typist (female), preferably with some book-keeping, for secretarial and varied general office duties. Pleasant atmosphere. No Saturdays. Close to Bethnal Green Underground. Sack & Bag Industries Ltd., Peel Grove, E.2. ADV. 3540.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

SHORTHAND-typists, typists, telephonists required for temporary work. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean Street, W.1. GERrard 9911.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

B.A., 28, versatile, good appnce, bus. exp., intd. langs., music, sports, will consider any interesting career. Box 138.

PUBLIC Relations man (31) at present representing Civic theatre, seeks change offering wider opportunities rather than larger salary. London area prefd. Exper. of publicity, public speaking, press relations, etc. Enthusiasm and initiative. Box 66.

YOUNG lady seeks resident post in nursery school, where son 2½ would be welcome. Write Box 61.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

YOUNG man, 27, with social conscience, intelligent, seeks employment, preferably sociological. Box 171.

EXPD. school secretary seeks post Sept. Co-educational/boys school, London/South Eastern Counties pref. Box 162.

LITERARY/Comm. Sec. avail. all hours, Aug. 19/27. Own typewriter. Box 269.

YOUNG man (29), no special qualif.—secondary school education—seeks post, non-routine nature; willing to travel. Box 107.

ROUTINE-weary sec. skS. interesting situation. Scope initiative, personality. Fluent French/Spanish/some German. Sh.-typg., Fr./Engl. Willing travel. Box 265.

EXPD. secretary, 32, seeks perm. resp. post, fluent French, French/English shorthand, knowledge German & Italian. Box 152.

EXP. Sh./typ. rqs. temp. work W.1. 9.30-5, Mon./Fri. £8. CUN. 9881, 8.30-9.30.

STUDENTSHIP

THE University of Hull. Research Studentship. The University proposes to award a Post-Graduate Studentship in the Faculty of Arts for full-time research in Arts, Economics or Law. The value of the award is £300 for one academic year, renewable for a second year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent not later than September 1, 1954. C. Meggitt, Registrar.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances. 9gns. weekly. Good cellar, good cooking, 3,000-volume library. Brochure from The Gallery in The Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

SWANAGE. Veget. Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Vacs. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Children welcome. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recommended. Write brochure.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

SURREY Hillside, Woods and Gardens. Tennis, etc. Anglo-French cuisine. Small groups welc. (Abinger 2177.) Box 230.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally situ. Wenlock Edge, Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, quiet, homely. Brochure.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

SIMPLE Country Guest House in lovely Cotswold Valley (under new management). Ideal walking and motoring. 5-6gns. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

ROSELAND, S. C'wall. Sm. guest house on sea edge. Quiet. Beautiful scenery. Vacs. Sept. & on. Mrs. Job Tirva, Veryan.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, mod. con. lovely Fowey valley 4 m. sea. Good food. B. & B. & supper. 5gns. Brown, Lower Milltown Farm, Lostwithiel 260.

BIDEFORD, North Devon. "Coombe Walter," Abbotsham. Guests received (picnic lunch, from July to October). Terms from 5gns.; also furnished flat to let, suitable for quiet couple. Mrs. B. M. Harris.

TANKERTON-on-Sea. Fiveways Hotel, the resort of discriminating folk. In large sheltered gdns.: near sea. Sunny bdrms., h. & c.; excellent cuisine. Easy reach Canterbury. Kingsdown Park, Tankerton, Kent. Tel. Whitstable 3243.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

N. CORNWALL coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Treknow. Tintagel 272.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.), St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings 4571.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays, "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with H. & C. & gas/elec. fires; cosy evenings round the fire.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1., MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

"TO be my constant companion on every journey by road henceforth. Could any secular book be more precious?" John Connell, Evening News, "The Good Food Guide, 1954," contains recommendations by Good Food Club members of over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Published by Cassell, 5s.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale. Complete set (25 volumes) Encyclopædia Britannica, 1952, blue Levantex, £47 o.n.o.; "Soviet Studies," "Fortunes," "Sewanee"; 200 "New Yorkers"—offers; Lenin's Works; Imperial typewriter (new 1953), £19; piano music, all periods, books, best offer; Russian keyboard portable typewriter, never used, £10; portable gramophone, £2 10s.; complete set 1935-40 of "Signature," offers?

WANTED: Second-hand Dulcitone; "Something Nasty in the Woodshed," Anthony Gilbert (Collins).

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

PERSONAL

WHAT offers exchange house North London for house scenic surroundings 3 weeks September? Box 53.

MAN, early forties, seeks holiday companion (m.) for holiday late September/October, either England/Continent. Box 106.

VAUXHALL Velox 1953 for short or long tours anywhere in Europe. French- and Italian-speaking driver with good knowledge both countries. 4/5 seats. Mod. terms. Tonks, 35 Davies St., W.1. HYD. 9481.

ALTO and Cellist (experienced amateurs) seek others, madrigals, chamber-music, N. London. Oliver, 14 Elgin Rd., N.22.

ABROAD or at home? Holiday companion (f.) sought for Sept. 10-27 by f., 24. Or wd. join party. Suggestions welc. Box 81.

THE art of play and scenario writing, gentleman, beginner, desires coaching, course or books which would be helpful. Box 115.

YOUNG man, 27, London, seeks similar for hitch-hiking holiday Continent, Aug. 28-Sept. 12. Box 139.

PIANO, 5ft. 6in. Grand Collard. Excellent condition. £65. No dealers. FRE. 8293.

MOTHER, girl (14) sk. hol. exch. any time, offer comf. London rm. Box 140.

2 Vacancies join road tour Lascaux, Pyrenees, Mediterranean. Sept. 4, 15 days. £30 inc. S.a.e. Box 202.

MAJORCA, sunny seaside flat vac., Oct.-Nov. Mod. rent. Sleep 5. FLA. 8667.

LADY, 40, travelling Switzerland 3 weeks, enquires whether similarly placed lady desires company. Box 158.

MENTON, Sm. villa to let (1 mile sea) Sept. onwards (month min.), or, share of lge. villa (min. sea) with cooking fac. or bed & breakfast. Long stay reduces terms. Enclose international postage coupon. Box 215.

USE 7 acres & buildings w. acc., attrac. hse., mod. con., nr. S.W. town, offd. enterprising pers. intstd. country life. Box 9783.

TRAVEL Companionship offered 2 female students by 1 S.R.N. London/Paris, Aug. 25/28. Paris/Nice, Aug. 30. Box 270.

JUGOSLAV student of English (f.20) wishes visit England for one year. Seeks post—children, housework, German, Italian, piano lessons. Write to: M. Potocnik, Zupanciceva 14, Ljubljana, Jugoslavia.

COMMERCIAL artist freelance experienced (first class), 9-11 a.m. MOU. 1858.

SIAMESE & other cats boarded. Comf. qters., good food. Collected & returned if reqd. Hilton, Hilton Cottage, Grove Lane, Chalfont St. Peter. Gerrards Cross 2913.

MADRID: Yng. man reqs. sgle. trip in car end Aug. Would pay £10. Box 228.

SOCK darning service, 34 Princes Rd., Torquay. 6*d*. a sock. Neat, prompt work.

VISION corrected, sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 3945.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid notes in your ordinary writing. Course 15s. M.A. Educ. (N), 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

WHY don't you write to Douglas V. Morgan, private astrologer? Details s.a.e.: Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 7963.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

CONTINENTAL style extra brief swim wear, Ultra "Short" shorts and French Black Jeans for men. Illustrated catalogue of goods for immediate dispatch sent on request. Vince Studio, 6 Chiltern Street, Baker Street, London, W.1.

LIVING, the Art of: see Braziers Park, under "Summer Schools."

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PAUL Thiery, Graphologist, 1gn. with specimen. 52 York St., W.1. PAD. 2338.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

RELAXATION-therapy for various nervous conditions. Manipulation. Massage, Osteopathy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d*. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

EDINBURGH Festival vacancies: Aug. 28-Sept. 4, & Sept. 4-11. Cost including 6 Festival tickets, accom. in Student Halls with brkfst./supper, £9. Apply now N.U.S., Travel Dept., 2 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 2184.

YUGOSLAVIA: You can still be included in our party led by Ashley Brandall leaving for Dubrovnik and the Dalmatian Coast, Aug. 27. Ideal for sunshine & bathing enthusiasts or those wanting a gay & interesting holiday, with excursions to Montenegro, Mostar, etc. £45. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EDINBURGH Festival: We can still include you in our party, Aug. 28 to Sept. 4, £19 17*s*. 6*d*. inclusive of 4 Festival Tickets, rail travel from London, Hotel accommodation with breakfast. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CORNWALL. Saint Peter's Loft. School of Art. Peter Lanyon, William Redgrave, Terry Frost. Studio and Workshop. Apply Secretary, Saint Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Accommodation arranged.

CHILDREN'S holidays with riding. Parndon Hall, Harlow, offers country holidays with every amenity for children's enjoyment; eight ponies with resident Instructress; riding meadow, tennis court, extensive grounds. Qualified Matron and teachers give careful supervision and organise games and excursions. Vacancies Aug. and Sept. From 4½gns. Apply Principal, Mrs. K. Clare.

YUGOSLAVIA and Austria: Outstanding opportunity to take a holiday September 11-26. Return air fare £22. Box 229.

LAST-Minute Holidays Abroad. Special individual—not mass produced—arrangements made for all who still require a Holiday Abroad. Madeira, Greece, France, Italy, Spain and Scandinavia available. Business and Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., London, W.C.2. WHI. 4114.

BY air to Switzerland or Austria. Sept. 4-18. £28-£35 all-in. E.L.B. Tours, 154, Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

COUNTRYLOVERS should join the Out-of-Doors Fellowship. Activities include rambles, social evenings, organised holidays, educational and cultural outings. The organisation has several local groups in London and Home Counties. Send 3*d*. stamps for details to Hon. Gen. Sec., 10 Lawns Way, Romford, Essex.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

OLIVER Warnock-Fielden, Naturopath, 6 Kenton Rd., Harrow. Tel. Byron 1214. Thursdays 22 Lower Belgrave St., Victoria.

PARENTS of girl 17 without G.E.C. desire recommendation of school of essentially practical domesticity. Box 9923.

MY target is not "just what the publicity agent ordered" but if his aim is integrity rather than flashy charm, you may find you have hit it with a photograph by Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. Bayswater 7224. Adphones.

CANAL Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs. 3-4 berth cruiser free September 11-18. 4-6 berth cruisers free Sept. 25. October, a fine dry month. 3-6 berth cruisers, with gas fire, very cheap.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

P.S.—If you miss the sun in a British Summer you may make up for it in Switzerland at Christmas. Harold Ingham's Ski Parties provide sun, snow and good company. Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s*. 6*d*./15*s*. 6*d*. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s*. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

PLEASANT modern double and single divan-rooms, newly furnished. 1 minute Highgate Tube Station. 78 Priory Gdns., N.6.

LARGE Bed/Sitt., share lge. kitchen, 'frig., garden, quiet house near Swiss Cottage/Abbey Rd., conducive study/writing. 42*s*. p.w. MAI. 2508 or Box 178.

EXCEL. fur. bedrm. Mod. flat. C.H., C.H.W. Suit bus. lady (Jewish). MAI. 0923.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

COMF. Resid. Clubs, Hampstead, students, young bus. people; T.V., dances, etc.; partial board; sharing, from 47*s*. 6*d*.; groups accepted for single nights or longer. Appl. forms: 33 Rosslyn Hill, London, N.W.3.

FURN. bed-sit., unlimited hot water, suit lady, room for piano. HAM. 2031.

LARGE ground-floor bed-sit. room, twin beds, basin, gas fire, ring, 2 mins. station. 70 Birdhurst Road, South Croydon.

GRADUATE household. Single accom. 45*s*. 6*d*. Pleasant home. HAMpstead 8109.

ATTRACT. furn. single divan room, C.H.W., cooking facilities, tel. 37*s*. 6*d*. inc. light & H.W. Tel. PUT. 4148.

EDUCATED girl requires two others to share comf. furn. flat Kens. Rent £2 10*s*. each. Refs. PAR. 5705.

HIGHGATE Woods. 2-room bachelor flat, bed-sit., kit.-bath, well furn. & equip. Use 'frig. 3gns. wkly. MOU 5196 after 6.

UNIV. Lecturer's furn. cottage Hampstead Gdn. Suburb, 4 rms., k., b., gdn., avail. Sept., 10 months, possibly longer. 8gns. Child welcome. BM/PNTY, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD, 1 minute Finchley Rd., Attrac. lge. sgle. b/s. rm. with breakfast & service. Private House. HAM. 6758.

OXFORD graduate (25) offers share in Baker Street flat. Box 281.

BEAUTIFUL re-dec. furn. room and kit., share c.h.w. bath for single prof. person. 2½gns. p.w. 'Phone week-end HAM. 9077.

JEWISH lady offd. share modn. flat one other, Muswell Hill. Easy access City/West End. C.H.W., C.H., £2 p.w. TUD. 3670/5431.

MAIDA Vale Tube, nicely furn. rm. sun, delightf., all amens. Gent. CUN. 5452.

BED-sit. rooms with use kit. & bath from 3gns. vacant at 55 Oakley St., Chelsea. 'Phone Housekeeper mornings FLA. 5645.

BEAUTIFUL sgle. & dbl. bed-sit. ckg. fac. Nr. Kilburn Tube. HAMpstead 2132.

UNIVERSITY terms (London) only. Furn. s/c. flat; sitting-room, bedroom (single or double), kitchen, bath, telephone, Kensington. £5 incl. daily maid 3 mornings (would do more). Garage, extra, available. Box 168.

HAMPSTEAD: unfurn. flat, C.H., and C.H.W. at approx. £260 p.a. incl. Curtains & flooring at valuation (approx. £75). New lease available. Box 184.

ATTRACT. furn. sgle. room to let with c.w. & ckg. facils.; near bus & Tube. 2gns. p.w. Refs. 'Phone: TUDor 9073.

VERY comf. bed-sit. room, suit bus. woman. Conv. London distr. Box 196.

S. DEVON mansion: 2-4 room furn. flats, near coast, moors, town. Merrington, Strode, Ermington. Modbury 362.

HANTS. Half charming old country cottage to let furnished. Atmosphere suitable writing, study, etc. All mod. cons. Garden produce. Car available. Box 191.

SELF-contained 4-roomed modern flat in Georgian country house, furnished or unfurnished. 50 miles north of London, charming garden, own farm & garden produce, etc. Moderate rent to Food Reform tenant. Box 222.

WEST Sussex. Small furn. house to let, secluded position off main road. 6 beds, 3 sitting, main water, electricity. 6gns. weekly, reduced if two or more rooms reserved for owner. Can be viewed in September. Box 239.

CORNWALL. Furn. flat, 2 rooms and kitchen. Lovely view Fowey Harbour. Perm. or period. Sept. 11 on. Box 104.

TO let furnished, from October to March, 55, or shorter cons. Warm comfortable seaside bung. Sleep four, main elec., water, quiet fishing hamlet. £2 10*s*. wk. Box 161.

NW.1. Unfurn. flat, s/c, 2 bed., 1 rec., kit., bath., C.H. 4gns. wkly. Exch. wanted for similar S.W.1. Box 154.

"FINALS" year student (m.) seeks quiet digs in East or North London from early October. Box 172.

ARCHITECT & wife require unfurnished flat, five years only. Would assist with conversion costs in old property. Box 169.

QUIET business couple (40s) seek one/two rooms & kitchen St. John's Wood/Hampstead area. Box 163.

"DAILY Herald" staffman & wife want s/c flat (pref. unfurn.) in house, block, mansion or palace any airy green distr. in/nr. London (1 hr. max.). We're unfussing, good-neighbourly people. 2 bedrms., &c., gdn. Long let and, please, fair rent. Box 153.

WANTED: Furn. flat Wimbledon or S.W. London. Yng. prof. couple. Box 60.

FLAT req. Sept. by school mistress (24) & secretary friend. Between Earl's Court and Victoria. Box 274.

WANTED, furn. room, pref. St. John's Wood/Swiss Cottage, end August, for quiet working woman. Max. rent £2. Can be poky, must be friendly. Box 225.

STUDENT, wife, child req. unf./pt. furn. flat willing decorate. No prem. Box 205.

EDUC. bus. woman, 30's, longs for pleasant accomm., flat(let) or 2 rooms, London, W./S.W. Open to suggestions. Box 271.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

BUSINESS Gentleman (musical interests) requires bed-sitting with full board, West London area. Box 203.

FULL board required for young Swiss gentleman. Within walking distance St. John's Wood High St., Reply: A. Gee, 91 Dunsmure Rd., N.16. STA. 8621.

VICE-Principal University College requires furnished flat for himself and family, Knightsbridge or South Kensington district, October and November. Box 201.

WANTED, unfurnished or part furnished S/C. flat in Regent's Park or near. Maximum £5 per week. Box 218.

BUSINESS mother, girl 6, req. simple accom. Sept., perm., some privacy essential, part-board preferred, assist for low terms, London; partics. please. Box 105.

WANTED for convalescence, furn. house/cottage, rural area, 20/25 mls. London, reas. comf. & amens., slp. 4, 1 month approx. Aug. 25-Sept. 23. FRE. 5606/Box 245.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

KING Alfred School (F 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

LITTLE Abbey School, Newbury. Boys 7 to 13½. Classic Curr. plus Science all forms. New laboratory. Prep. all Public Schools. Apply Headmaster.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural education for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancies available for day pupils and two boarders.

OLD-established Boarding Preparatory School, North Kent, owing to reorganization by new management, has 6 vacancies for coming term at greatly reduced fees. Box 209.

RAYMONT Schools, Shortlands and Bromley, Kent. Boys and Girls, 3-15 years. Separate Preparatory for Boys. Weekly and Holiday Boarding or full charge taken. Excellent examination results. Apply Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

SHERRARDSWOOD School, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire. Recognised, Independent, Co-educational School. 250 children. Boarders 8-18. Sound education on broad lines to University standard. Curriculum according to individual ability. Vacancies for three girl boarders age 11-13 this September. Further particulars from the Headmaster.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

SCHOLARSHIPS

LONDON Choir School, Bexley, Kent (under new direction) offers Choral Scholarships at London Churches. Voice Trials will be held at the School, Sept. 1. Full particulars from Secretary.

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INDIAN Independence Day: Celebration at King George's Hall (Central Y.M.C.A.), Adeline Place, W.C.1. Monday, August 16, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Dr. H. K. Handoo. Speakers: Lord Listowel, Dr. K. S. Shelvankar. Full programme of Indian national dances, with songs and music. Tickets 5s. and 2s. 6d., from the India League, 47, Strand, W.C.2.

10TH Anniversary Liberation of Rumania Celebrations. Holborn Hall, Fri., Aug. 20, 7.30. Dave Bowman, Dundee railwayman just back from Rumania. Internat. artists. Rumanian music. Refrshmts. Adm. free.

CONCERTS

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I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "Items for Collectors"; sculptures, paintings and drawings. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ABBE Pierre, Odd Nansen, Prof. Josué de Castro, the Hon. K. A. Gbedemah, Prof. Alexander Haddow, Jim Pitman, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, Q.C., M.P., speak at World Government meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, September 9, 1954, at 7 p.m., Chairman Gilbert McAllister. Admission free. Reserved seats 5s. and 2s. 6d., available from Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. August 15: "The Great World Teachers."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Aug. 21, 6 p.m. Srta. Z. B. Ferguson: "Los Aztecas y los Mayas—Antiguas Civilizaziones de la America."

AUGUST 16: London Jewish Graduates Assoc. Dr. Aron Owen, B.A., Ph.D. "Views on the Anglo-Jewish Ministry." Horseshoe Hotel (next Dominion Theatre), 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

YOGA, Caxton Hall. Lectures will resume September 7. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FOURTH World Parliamentary Conference on World Government at County Hall, London, Sept. 4-10, 1954. Full particulars from Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, 21, Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6 (FITzroy 0088).

NEW Towns week-end conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts., Sept. 10-12, with lectures and visits to Stevenage, Hemel Hempstead and Harlow, incl. charge, £3 5s. Also, day visit to Crawley, Sept. 18, 12s. 6d. Details from the Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8.

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